

Up Against The Wall Motherfucker!

An anthology of rants, posters and more



~ DESTRUCTION ~
CREATION ~

opposites flowing
merging
into one
life energy
moving into
perpetual revolution

Compiled by Homebrew Press

2007

Published by Homebrew Publications and Active Distribution, 2007.

Homebrew Publications
P.O. Box 4434
Melbourne University
Parkville 3052
Australia
www.alphabettthreat.co.uk/homebrew

Active Distribution
BM ACTIVE
London
WC1N 3XX
England.
www.activedistribution.org

Thanks to Mark, Ben, John, Osha, Caitlin, Eve, Jon, Naomi, Joyce, Jan-Dirk and everyone who else who helped in ways big and small.

Cover printed at Knust.
printed on recycled paper by:



Up Against The Wall Motherfucker!

Amidst the widespread political and social turmoil of the 1960s a number of radical groups emerged seeking not just to reform or restructure society, but to completely transform it. Amongst those agitating for a “revolution of everyday life” were the French Situationists, Dutch Provos, San Francisco’s Diggers and a small New York based group called Black Mask who would go on to become The Family (aka Up Against The Wall Motherfucker, The Motherfuckers and UAW/MF).

Having started out with a series of impromptu exhibitions in public places Black Mask announced its arrival with an action that shut down the Museum Of Modern Art (MOMA) in 1966. Always aiming to push themselves, and those around them, further toward the concept of “Total Revolution” the group, through their actions and magazine *Black Mask*, moved their practice and critique beyond the art world in 1967 to challenge the growing counterculture and student movements.

Evolving into The Family in 1968 former members of Black Mask became intimately involved in the radical politics, crash pads and street life of the Lower East Side. As “flower children with thorns” they possessed a fiery rhetoric that took the slogan of “We are the people our parents warned us against” to its logical conclusion. Citing themselves as a “street gang with analysis” UAW/MF anticipated the militant swagger of the late 60s New Left whilst at the same time rejecting their peers unconditional support for authoritarians at home and abroad.

As shock-troopers for acid tinged anti-capitalism The Family excelled in pushing everything to the limit. Even the group’s “unprintable name” (as it was referred to in the *New York Times*) had a ripple-on effect. In one case the Supreme Court forced the University of Missouri to reinstate Barbara Papish on the basis that her reprinting of an article about UAW/MF headlined “Motherfucker” in the campus paper was protected free speech under the First Amendment. In another the editor of the *Daily Cardinal* defied an attempt by the University of Wisconsin to fire him for using “indecent language” in an article noting The Motherfuckers’ attendance at an SDS meeting. Reprinting a number of pieces from University’s English classes, including works by Shakespeare, Mailer and Joyce, that featured far more swear words and crudity than his original article he forced the university authorities into retreat. Bizarrely in turn the University of Michigan’s *State News* received a funding cut for using “Motherfucker” in its own reports on the Wisconsin imbroglio. Despite their regular use of profanity in fake press releases, letters and newspapers designed to smear and stir up trouble amongst the radical left FBI agents, fearing the wrath of the notorious hypocrite J Edgar Hoover, regularly laundered their reports to exclude UAW/MF’s full title.

Although more concerned with the day to day matters of running crashpads, taking on the police, partying and challenging their peers to go ever “further” The Motherfuckers did leave behind a body of work including posters and leaflets (one of which was “borrowed” for the lyrics to Jefferson Airplane’s ‘We Can Be Together’). The majority of these were spontaneous efforts that appeared briefly on the street never to be seen again although a number were printed in the pages of *The Rat*, one of New York’s many underground papers. Despite their prodigious output and provocative role in some of the most famous events of the era The Family’s avoidance of the media spotlight has meant that their ideas and deeds remain little known amongst contemporary radical circles.

This booklet brings together much of the existing material created by UAW/MF (much of it otherwise unavailable) as well as some pieces that help put their work and deeds in context. In the opening article historian John McMillan outlines the history of The Family and how he came to meet leading member Ben Morea whilst in an extensive interview Morea himself discusses the actions that the group took part in as well as their key ideas. Lastly and most importantly there are reprints of UAW/MF’s original writings and collages. Mixing cartoonish humour with mystical psychedelia and intense rhetoric the works reprinted here are some of the most powerful of their time. Although best experienced with their original layout and graphics intact where the quality of the originals is too poor to be fully legible they have been included as texts.

WE ARE OUTLAWS

THE CITIES ARE THE NEW FRONTIER

A NEW MANIFESTO: THERE ARE NO LIMITS TO OUR LAWLESSNESS

BAMN

(BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY)

BAMN

JESS JAMES WAS A McCarthy kid
JOHN BROWN WAS A PACIFIST

WE DEFY LAW-AND-ORDER WITH
OUR BRICKS BOTTLES GARBAGE
LONG HAIR FILTH OBSCENITY DRUGS
GAMES GUNS BIKES FIRE FUN +
FUCKING

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY DISTINCTION
BETWEEN

THEORY + ACTION

POLITICS

IS HOW WE LIVE

WANTED



THE FUTURE OF OUR STRUGGLE IS THE FUTURE OF CRIME IN THE STREETS

WE ARE ALL CRIMINALS IN THE BLIND EYES OF AMERICA PIG-JUSTICE

Good! We like it like that!

BAMN

MARSHALL DILLON + MAYOR DALEY
CAN'T PUT HUMPHREE DUMPFREE
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

CHICAGO WAS BREAKFAST...
AND WE MADE AN OMELETTE OUT OF THE DEMOCRATIC
CONTENTION - I SMELL BACON... MUST BE A PIG FRY

IN ORDER TO SURVIVE WE STEAL CHEAT LIE FORGE DEAL HIDE + KILL

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE FREE SPIRIT OF THE OUTLAW

AND WE TAKE THE OUTLAW'S OATH: ALL PROPERTY IS TARGET
ALL LAWMEN ARE ENEMY

FROM NOW ON - TOTAL DISREGARD FOR THE MAN'S:

HOME JOBS POLLS STREETS STORES CHURCHES DAUGHTERS SONS
PETS MEDIA MONEY CULTURE GAMES GOALS LAWS + ORDERS.

CHAOS + ANARCHY

WE ARE THE FORCES OF CHAOS + ANARCHY

WE ARE EVERYTHING THEY SAY WE ARE AND WE ARE PROUD OF IT

WE ARE @BSCENE LAWLESS HIDEOUS DANGEROUS
DIRTY VIOLENT + YOUNG

Garbage Guerilla: The Mystery Man Behind the East Village Art Gang with the Unprintable Name

By John McMillian

“Hey John, it’s not too late to call you, is it?”

It’s nearly midnight on a Sunday. Normally I’d be asleep (or at least in bed, drifting toward sleep) but tonight I’m awake and, for whatever reason, feeling a little lonesome. So I welcome the call. But who is it? The voice is older, conspicuously friendly, with a languid southwestern drawl. Nobody I know talks like this.

“It’s Ben Morea.”

Ben Morea is an ex-junkie who, in the late-1960s, was the notorious leader of an entirely unsavory, Lower East Side anarchist collective called Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker. I’m a young historian who studies American radicalism in that period, and I’d been trying to locate him – obviously unsuccessfully – for almost three years. All the leads I followed went nowhere. From my perspective, it was as if Morea had vanished, every bit as thoroughly and irrevocably as a jet contrail.

Not that this was terribly surprising. Even in his heyday, Morea cultivated an air of mystery. In the early-1960s he was an abstract expressionist painter known for dressing completely in black; someone who has seen his work described it as “very unusual. It consisted of vast panels of black. Swirling nebulae. Completely black.”¹ Later in the decade, Morea used to strut around St. Mark’s Place and Second Avenue, longhaired and bearded like any number of hippies, but instead of adorning himself in flowers and beads, he wore a leather jacket, carried a switchblade knife, and peddled manifestos full of cryptic poetry and angry agitprop. The Motherfuckers described themselves as a kind of politicized street gang, but in the media they were known only as “a group with a certain unprintable name.”² Their general attitude toward the counterculture calls to mind something Patti Smith later said about rock ‘n’ roll: “We created it; let’s take it over!”³

This is a group whose members once protested the Vietnam War by unfurling banners of napalmed children during High Mass in St. Patrick’s Cathedral; who threw cow’s blood on Secretary of State Dean Rusk and his black-tied guests at the New York Hilton; who set up crash pads for teenage runaways, ran “stores” where everything was free, organized community feasts in Tompkins Square Park, taught karate classes, and printed newsletters and broadsheets that trumpeted the most extreme formulations of the counterculture cosmology. “We are the ultimate Horror Show,” read one. “Hideous Hair & Dangerous Drugs ... Armed Love striking terror into the vacant hearts of the plastic Mother & pig-faced Father.”⁴

In 1967, during a garbage strike in the East Village, they carried piles of stinking, festering trash uptown on the subway and dumped it on the steps and in the fountain of Lincoln Center. (“WE PROPOSE A CULTURAL EXCHANGE,” they declared in an accompanying leaflet: “garbage for garbage.”)⁵ In 1968, they rallied in support of Valerie Solanas, the tormented psychopath who shot Andy Warhol, because they thought that was a good thing. In 1969, the Motherfuckers cut the fences at Woodstock, turning it into a free concert for hundreds of thousands.

Then they disappeared – or, some said, escaped. Morea had already been acquitted of two counts of assault with a deadly weapon after allegedly stabbing two military veterans who were part of a group known for preying on hippies and draft resisters in Boston. After that came a highly publicized turf war between the Motherfuckers and rock impresario Bill Graham, who owned New York City’s hippest club, the Fillmore East. At issue was whether or not the East Village’s denizens

could have free use of the Fillmore one night each week, for revelry and community organizing. Promises were broken, words were exchanged, threats were made, and eventually someone shattered Graham's nose by smashing him in the face with a chain. Another time, a Puerto Rican who oversaw a building where the Motherfuckers were squatting was found stabbed to death. Osha (née Tom) Neumann, the only Motherfucker to ever write about the group in retrospect, said this: "We had shouted 'Off the Pig!' but the first person to die was a Puerto Rican superintendent. The killing never made the papers, no one was ever arrested, and none of us was ever questioned by the police. Within the group, at least in my presence, the matter was not discussed. My tentative inquiries were met with curt impatience: It was necessary; you cannot live on the streets and allow yourselves to be attacked without defending yourself."⁶

Remnants of the group later appeared at a countercultural "gathering of the tribes" in New Mexico. Some of them affiliated with a famous hippie commune called the Hog Farm. Others spent time in Canjilón, among followers of Reies Tijernia (a.k.a. "King Tiger"), an Indio-Hispanic activist who, in an effort to win back land that the United States wrangled from Mexico in 1848, led an armed raid on a county courthouse that ended in a wild shootout. As Neumann recalled, they lived off food stamps, occasionally rustled cattle, and flirted with Native American lifestyles. "But the truth of the matter was we were isolated and self-destructing."⁷

And at some point, Ben Morea drifted off. One rumor suggested he was living a threadbare existence in the Rocky Mountains, traveling by horseback and sleeping in teepees. Another legend had it that he had become a kind of countercultural Col. Kurtz, leading mystical ceremonies in the desert. Not knowing very much about him in the first place, it was easy to imagine the worst: that he'd descended back into heroin, or that he was addled or institutionalized. Several years ago a friend of mine, also a historian, tried reaching him as well; he told me he'd heard Morea was dead.

But of course, he was not dead. In fact, he was coming to New York City soon, and he was ready to meet me.

I was a senior in high school when I first became interested in the Motherfuckers, after reading just a couple of paragraphs about them in Todd Gitlin's elegant popular history, *The Sixties*. Gitlin described a time when "clusters of smart and rough cultural revolutionaries, aiming to carry the avant-garde spirit into the streets," began appearing on the activist scene. "Their common thrust was to overcome the distances between art and everyday life, artists and audience," he wrote. "One Lower East Side cluster, formed in the fall of 1967, became movement legend. Their name alone guaranteed it: Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker, taken from a line in a poem by beat-turned-black nationalist Leroi Jones." Elsewhere he described the group as "postbeat, postbiker, would-be Hells Angels with manifestos ... deploying direct action against strategy, extravagance against tedium."⁸

I don't know that I was reading carefully enough to grasp that Gitlin didn't mean this as praise, but rather as a vinegary condemnation. Today the Motherfuckers are rarely mentioned in the historiography of the 1960s, and where they do appear, they're almost always portrayed, *pace* Gitlin, as a demented corruption of the gauzy idealism that fueled the Port Huron Generation. If Camelot, the Freedom Riders, and the Beatles in their loveable mop-top phase are commonly summoned to mind to represent the principled and optimistic 1960s, then the Motherfuckers – if they are remembered at all – are lumped in with the Weather Underground, Altamont, and Charles Manson as paradigm examples the bad, destructive, nihilistic 1960s. But questions about how they ought to be assessed in the scholarly literature were not yet a preoccupation of mine. I was a teenager living in small town Michigan, and I thought they sounded great.

Flash forward fifteen years: I'm a part-time instructor of history and literature at Harvard, and one of my students – my favorite student, Caitlin Casey – is searching for a senior thesis topic. We discuss a number of ideas, but the Motherfuckers is the one she latches onto. It turns into a brilliant essay that helped her to graduate magna cum laude in 2003. (Today she is a history graduate

student at Yale.) Hers remains the only scholarly examination of the Motherfuckers that has ever been written; she had no substantive books, no dissertations, not even any journal articles to draw from, and so I encouraged her to scrounge for scraps of information from other sources – various 1960s memoirs, defunct underground newspapers, and above all, oral history interviews. She ended up talking with several New Yorkers who traveled in the Motherfuckers' orbit, but we could locate only three cooperative former members. One was also a former Weatherwoman; the other two, whose identities we never confirmed, went by the names "Travis Motherfucker," and "Creek."

"There's no way you could recognize me now compared to then," Ben tells me when we finally meet for breakfast at a diner in Chelsea. "I was just heavy."

He's 63 years old, small and wiry, with a dark tan and jet-black hair that he combs backward, just long enough to fall over the collar. He has a Fu Manchu moustache, wears a western shirt, and so long as we're indoors, he politely keeps his cowboy hat on the bench beside him. For all his past reticence, he strikes me as a classic extrovert; he's an effusive talker and a gifted raconteur, and the more he talks, the more revved up he becomes. If he'd been born just a little earlier, I could imagine him showing up in one of Jack Kerouac's road novels; he'd be one of the "mad ones ... who never yawn or say a commonplace thing but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles..."⁹ Sometimes he recounts his past exploits with exactly the type of joyful, stiff-necked pride one might expect to find in an ex-prizefighter. He smiles easily and impishly, his eyes twinkle. I like him immensely.

Right upfront, he tells me what I already know – that but for one recent exception, he hasn't appeared in public as "Ben Morea" in 35 years. So why the change of heart? His answer unfolds gradually, and betrays a genuine ambivalence. On the one hand, he's always been reluctant to be singled out in any manner; even during the late-Sixties, when his revolutionary credentials were such that his East Broadway apartment was a veritable way station for radicals across the world – including European Situationists, Japanese Zengakuren, and a leader of the Paris uprising of May, 1968 – he preferred to remain in the background. He tells me how he made a point of avoiding the cameras when he was backstage at Woodstock, and how he turned down an offer to play a part in Michelangelo Antonioni's film about 1960s youth culture, *Zabriskie Point*.

On the other hand, he regrets that the Motherfuckers remain obscure and poorly understood. Partly this is because the counterculture has proven itself so pliable in the public memory. Whether in films, memoirs, or scholarly monographs, the youth rebellion has been domesticated by those who look favorably upon the 1960s, and vilified by those who do not. But the Motherfuckers pose a special problem; they were so extreme and iconoclastic within the counterculture that even 1960s partisans seem not to know what to do with them. At one point, I nervously gave Morea a copy of Caitlin's thesis, which put forth several crisply formulated criticisms of the group. To my surprise, Ben liked it, and perhaps even felt flattered. It seems strangely paradoxical that those scholars who have skewered the Motherfuckers seem more willing to grapple with the counterculture's conundrums than those who have overlooked them.

Over several conversations, Morea sketches a brief outline of his life: He spent his early childhood in a quasi-rural area around Virginia and Maryland, and he moved to New York City at the age of 10. He hung out with mostly black and Puerto Ricans street kids around Hell's Kitchen, where he was guttered out on heroin, off and on, between the ages of 15 and 20. While in treatment for his addiction, he was introduced to two of his longstanding passions (which, I surmise, were also his salvation): painting and reading. He doesn't quite posture himself as an intellectual – he speaks plainly and clearly – yet he sprinkles his conversation with references to thinkers as diverse and obscure as Michael Bakunin, Guy Debord, Franz Fanon, and Herbert Marcuse (the latter of whom was stepfather to the aforementioned Osha Neumann.) When Morea finds out I'm unfamiliar with Wilhelm Reich's work, he describes his theory of orgone energy and recommends

his book *The Murder of Christ*.

In the early-1960s, Morea was befriended by Julian Beck and Judith Malina, the co-founders of the Living Theater – a pioneering, anarchistic experimental theater company that was founded in 1951, whose loose and challenging performances forecast the coming countercultural style. In 1966, he helped launch *Black Mask*, a short-lived, crudely mimeographed magazine that he peddled in the East Village for a nickel. The very first issue underscored his faith in the power and agency of the creative spirit. “With this we can change the stultifying classrooms, the inhuman city, the concept of work when it is unnecessary and everything else which is crushing life instead of allowing it to grow fully.”¹⁰ Morea was also peripherally involved in Angry Arts Week – a January 1967 festival that brought hundreds of New York City filmmakers, photographers, musicians, painters and sculptors together in condemnation of the Vietnam War. Out of *Black Mask*, Angry Arts Week, and the potent influence of the Black Power Movement emerged *Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker*.

Privately, the Motherfuckers referred to their group as “the Family.” There were perhaps a couple dozen members, although many more dropped in and out or hovered around the margins, and their protests often won considerable community support. Their ranks included Ivy League dropouts, autodidacts, and barely literate street people, and in all the counterculture there was nothing quite like them. They were sympathetic with the hippies, but they mocked their flowery fantasies and chided them for their weakness. They had a tenuous connection to Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), but they recoiled from the new left’s sectarian intellectual debates, and regarded even the most militant students as cloistered and unreliable. The media-obsessed Yippies, of course, were far too playful; the White Panthers, too full of hot air. The Black Panther were sufficiently ferocious but deemed too rigidly hierarchical and doctrinaire. Probably the group that they most closely resembled was the San Francisco Diggers, an artistically inclined, utopian-minded collective who, like the Motherfuckers, championed an ethos of maximum personal freedom, staged guerilla theater performances, and set up various “counter institutions” around Haight-Ashbury. Both groups had a darker side as well; each lost members to narcotics addiction and the apolitical criminal underworld.

But here again, there was a key difference of temperament: The Motherfuckers were tougher and angrier. “They lived like gutter rats,” Abbie Hoffman once recalled.¹¹ Susan Stern, a former Weatherwoman, called the Motherfuckers “the downright dirtiest, skuzziest, and loudest group of people [she’d] ever laid eyes on.”¹² Journalist Thai Jones, whose father knew Morea, quipped that although the Motherfuckers “referred to themselves as ‘a street gang with an analysis’ ... they seemed to emphasize the street gang part.”¹³ Yippie Stewart Albert, whom Caitlin interviewed in her thesis, put the difference between the Diggers and the Motherfuckers this way: “In the West Coast, there were flower children. In the East Coast, there were weed children. They just grew out of the sidewalk.”¹⁴ In one of their broadsheets, the Motherfuckers romanticized themselves as “outlaws in the eyes of America” – and with good reason. Some of their writings betrayed a violence of feeling that seems almost psychopathic. One leaflet conjured the image of a police officer “sweating over a nite stick, grinding it into the vagina of some hippies.”¹⁵

After the Motherfuckers disbanded, Morea and his wife lived on horseback for five years in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, illegally hunting and gathering and constantly evading the Forest Service. Occasionally they had visitors in their camps, but none who were ever willing to tough it out with them through the brutal winters. Later he became a lumberjack – a job he now admits he wasn’t well suited for, given his slight frame. Today he limps because he once sliced his leg with a chainsaw, and he’s deaf in one ear because, he says laughingly, he was “too macho to wear earplugs.”

When Morea finally begins describing his life the 1980s and 1990s, I listen with a certain frisson. Some of these details ... they sound vaguely familiar. But how? Later I mention that one of the

people I consulted when I was looking for him was the actor Peter Coyote, who is also the author one of my favorite books – an achingly beautiful countercultural memoir called *Sleeping Where I Fall*.

“I’m in that book!” Ben says.

And so he is. Only none of its readers could have known that the “Ben” that is described there is Ben Morea. Coyote never used his last name. He said only this:

The way life braids experience, strands disappear and then surface unexpectedly. In 1993 I was walking on the Rue Princesse in Paris when two strangers in 1940s retro Western garb approached me from the opposite direction, saying, “Hey Peter” as they passed. Assuming it was someone recognizing me from films, I acknowledged the greeting but did not stop until they both began laughing, and the man said, “You don’t know me, do you?” Ben was beardless now, in his mid-forties; [his wife] still petite and attractive. They manufacture earrings ... employ six hundred people, and sell them all over the world. They no longer live in a wikiup but in a modern, high-tech house they’d built and showed me photographs. Both are still on the peyote road. Both are still grand and fearless. We spent the evening in Paris eating Mexican food and reminiscing about the life we had shared thousands of miles and many years ago.¹⁶

Ben hadn’t even finished his pancakes when I asked him about Valerie Solanas – the sadly deranged radical feminist who presided over her own one-woman organization: the Society for Cutting Up Men (SCUM). After Solanas shot Andy Warhol in June 1968, the Motherfuckers staged a street performance on her behalf in Washington Square Park. Morea drew up an accompanying leaflet, wherein he described Warhol as a “nonman shot by the reality of his dreams,” and lionized Solanas as a “cultural assassin – a tough chick with a bop cap and a thirty eight.” “America’s white plastic cathedral is ready to burn,” Morea concluded. “Valerie is ours and the Sweet Assassin lives. SCUM in exile.”¹⁷

I put the question bluntly: How could you rationalize supporting Valerie Solanas?

“Rationalize? I didn’t rationalize anything,” Ben says. “I loved Valerie and I loathed Andy Warhol, so that’s all there was to it.” A few seconds later he shrugs and adds, “I mean, I didn’t want to shoot him.” But then he doubles back again. “Andy Warhol ruined art.”

I want to protest: But she tried to kill him! She shot him three times at close range and left him for dead. Warhol never fully recovered from his wounds, and the shooting haunted him for the rest of his life. Valerie was sent to a mental hospital and then to prison; she later died penniless and obscure in a San Francisco flophouse. It takes a certain kind of brazenness to spin this as anything other than a tragedy.

“But let me tell you how I met her,” Ben says, excitedly. He was selling his nickel copies of *Black Mask* on the corner of 8th St. and 5th Ave.

I didn’t care about the money. But I felt if I handed it out for free, it would end up in the trashcan. In those days, if you handed out something, everyone would take it. So I felt if I charged a nickel [only] those who really wanted it, would take it. Then Valerie came by and said, “Hey, I’d like to get one of those, [but] I don’t have a nickel.” So I said, “Oh, that’s alright, you can have one, you don’t need a nickel.” She said, “Wait here!” And she ran into the bookstore and she stole a copy of her [SCUM] manifesto – stole it! – and came out and said “Here, I wrote this,” in exchange for the nickel paper. And see, she used to stay with me after that.

Ben's smile is infectious.

And I said to her one time, "You know Valerie, I want to ask you a question." I said, "You know, your belief system and your manifesto is about killing men, cutting up men." I said "What about me, I'm a man?" And she thought about it a minute, pensive, you know, like she'd never thought about it before. And she said, "I'm gonna promise you something." I said "What?" She said, "You'll be the last man we kill." And I said to her, jokingly, "Can you put it in writing?"

We both laugh. "And I wish I had it to this day," he muses softly. "Can you imagine what that would be, the beauty of having something written by her?"

In the 1995 film *I Shot Andy Warhol*, there appears a character identified in the screenplay as "Mark Motherfucker," who, director Mary Harron tells me, was modeled after Morea. In one scene, the two are together in Morea/Mark Motherfucker's "chaotic tenement apartment. It is strewn with laundry, books, posters, empty bottles, overflowing ashtrays, revolutionary posters, combat gear." They vamp around the room, mouthing revolutionary platitudes and striking cartoonish, militant poses with guns to the tune of Jimi Hendrix's "Wild Thing." When they finally collapse into bed, the screenplay calls for "Strobe cuts of more banal sex action." Later, while Morea/Mark Motherfucker is asleep, Valerie steals his gun – the gun she uses to shoot Andy Warhol.¹⁸

Ben enjoyed the film – but he says none of this happened. "First of all, Valerie was my dearest friend, and we had guns all over the place, but she would never steal a gun from me." And Ben denies they had any sexual relations, although he explains "in a sense I didn't feel [the portrayal] was an error. I took it to mean that we were so close that that was the only way they could be depict that closeness. ... I really liked her." He smiles warmly and, for a moment, says nothing more.

In Neumann's essay-length memoir about his Motherfucker days, he describes Ben this way:

He walked with a slight swagger and had a way of cocking his head and hitching himself up for a confrontation that would have seemed ridiculous in anyone else. But Ben took people seriously. Ben projected danger, risk, the commitment to turn rhetoric into real action. The style of the group became, under his influence, one of intense confrontation. ... Ben rewarded us with the promise to protect us with his life. He could be withering about our weaknesses, taunt us with our cowardice, but if we measured up he would reward us with a look of intense affection that became the most valued currency of the group.¹⁹

I've seen all of these qualities. Even today, Ben relishes having lived, in the late-1960s, at the edge of parapet. "I honestly did not expect to survive it," he says to me. "And you know, a lot of 'em didn't make it. And you know, I wonder about that sometimes..."

His voice starts to trail off, and I reflexively change the subject. I wonder if he knows that I know how his brother was killed: In a drug deal.

In this light, the limitations and fallout of the Motherfucker program seem so obvious they're scarcely worth mentioning. Their arrogance, cantankerousness, nihilism, recklessness, violence, and shabby treatment of women – all of this was egregious even by the counterculture's loosest standards. Their avant-garde protests generally lacked even a pretense of strategic efficacy, and were entirely unsuited toward their goals of fomenting a genuine revolution. They might as well have dedicated themselves to changing the colors of a rainbow.

Nevertheless, Ben inspires a strong bond of trust. And that look of intense affection? I've seen it several times – usually when he describes old friends, including Valerie. I like to think I've seen it directed toward myself as well; certainly, he's capable of tremendous warmth and sincerity. The second-to-last time I saw him, I brought Caitlin along. We talked for three hours before our conversation wound down to a tender, cusp moment. "I'm just so happy to meet you," Ben said solemnly. "I've been really enjoying it. It really tortured me for 35 years if I could ever talk to anybody [about the Motherfuckers]. And I'm just thrilled" – he pauses for a moment, and looks each of us in the eyes – "to meet you."

"I saw recently, in fact yesterday, that Hippie book," Ben says. He's referring to a slick, best-selling coffee table book by Barry Miles, which was released this year by Sterling Publishing Company, a subsidiary of Barnes & Noble. "And there was a picture of Jerry Rubin with a [National Liberation Front] flag wrapped around his shoulders, holding a plastic machine gun. And it's like, 'Wow, I have to smile.' ... Our idea was, if you're gonna pick up a machine gun, it shouldn't be plastic." Later on he makes the same point again, in reference to the Motherfuckers existentially flavored willingness to take such tremendous personal risks. "We weren't like Jerry Rubin walking around with a plastic machine gun and a flag draped on [his] shoulder. If you really feel that way," he says provocatively, "there's a machine gun somewhere. You know?"

Then he brings up Jerry Rubin a third time, after describing one of the Motherfuckers' most legendary actions: On October 21, 1967, Morea and several others were beaten by American soldiers after they broke into the Pentagon during an antiwar rally. There were no eyewitnesses to the clash, but the Washington Post reported that near the vestibule through which they were evicted, "Blood was spotted on the floor," and Norman Mailer deployed his powers as a novelist to imagine the confrontation in his Pulitzer prize-winning *Armies of the Night*.²⁰ "It didn't bring the world any closer to [betterment]" Ben shrugs, but "it just showed that if you want to do like Jerry Rubin and walk around with a plastic machine gun and an NLF flag on your shoulder," that was just but one option. Another was "to put your life on the line. I mean, we didn't know if they would start shooting! They could have. ... We really thought they might."

I used to wonder whether the Motherfuckers weren't a bit of a put-on (and in this sense, also a little proto-punk) – more like the Ramones than Jacobins. Ben bristles at the notion. "If you had any instinct for self-preservation, you couldn't do what we did," he says. But for all of their pick-up-the-gun militance and acid-fueled rhetoric, today he is proudest of their contributions to the community – giving comfort and shelter to teenaged runaways who flocked to the Lower East Side's mean streets, feeding vagabonds, hippies, and the homeless, counseling people who were experiencing bad acid trips, and having the pluck to stand up to the Ninth Precinct's notoriously gruff Tactical Police Force. It's no wonder, then, that Rubin should make such a convenient foil. The politicized wing of the counterculture may have postured itself as radically decentralized and virtually leaderless, but this high ideal was constantly monkeywrenched by self-aggrandizing icons like Rubin. What's more, the Yippies' well publicized and cartoonish antics constantly called into question the movement's authenticity – was it a populist rebellion or a commodified trend? Who knew? By contrast, the Motherfuckers immunized themselves from any possibility of cooptation by virtue of their name alone. The one thing Morea seems determined to convey – through all of his boasts about his street fighting days, his unrepentant loyalty to Valerie Solanas, and his heckling of Jerry Rubin – is the depth of his sincerity. Unlike Rubin – or for that matter, Malcolm X, Che Guevara, Huey Newton, or the Weather Underground – the Motherfuckers have thus far managed to avoid becoming an empty signifier. The flipside, however, is that even though they played a unique and important role in the counterculture, very few people know about them. It's a thorny problem; the only way to remedy it is by writing about them, and yet to do so is to grant them a status they never coveted.

Recently I walked into a Barnes & Noble and noticed "that Hippie book" Ben was referring

to. In fact, there was a whole stack of them, prominently displayed at a table near the front of the store, alongside piles of several other self-congratulatory books on the counterculture, including *The Hippie Dictionary* and *The Hippie Handbook* (which promises to teach its readers how to “tie-dye a t-shirt, flash a peace sign ... and other essential skills for a carefree life.”) I looked in the index of *Hippie* for any mention of *Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker*, and to my surprise, there seemed to be one, on page 282. So I turned to that page, only to find that the reference is not to Morea’s group, but rather to the banal slogan, “Up against the wall, motherfucker!” – just five words ripped from a Leroi Jones’ poem. But you’ll never guess what is on the opposite page. It’s a giant photograph of Jerry Rubin, with an NLF flag draped around his shoulders, holding a toy machine gun.

Endnotes

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- 3- Smith, Patti, “Gloria”/“My Generation,” (1976), Arista Records AS 0171.
- 4- In *Black Mask and Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker: The Incomplete Works of Ron Hahne, Ben Morea and the Black Mask Group* (London: Unpopular Books and Sabotage Editions, 1993), p. 114.
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- 12- Stern, Susan, *With the Weathermen: The Personal Journey of a Revolutionary Woman* (New York: Doubleday, 1975), p. 22.
- 13- Jones, Thai, *A Radical Line: From the Labor Movement to the Weather Underground, One Family’s Century of Conscience* (New York: Free Press, 2004), p. 182.
- 14- Stewart Albert, as quoted in Casey, Caitlin, “Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker: the Life and Times of a ‘Street Gang with an Analysis,’” (Senior Thesis, Harvard University, 2003), p. 16.
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- 17- Solanas, Valerie, *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* (New York: Olympia Press, 1968), p. 104.
- 18- Harron, Mary, and Daniel Minahan, *I Shot Andy Warhol* (New York: Grove Press, 1995), pp. 123-124.
- 19- Neumann, p. 62.
- 20- Chapman, William, “55,000 Rally Against War; GI’s Repel Pentagon Charge,” *Washington Post* (October 22, 1967), p. A1; Mailer, Norman, *The Armies of the Night: History as a Novel, /the Novel as History* (New York: New American Library, 1968), p. 252.

An abridged version of this article originally appeared in the New York Press in 2005.

WEREWOLF IS A WEREWOLF

"Hip Revolutionaries have the Power to inspire FEAR." --- Sorel

We are the ultimate Horror Show...Hideous Hair & Dangerous Drugs...Armed Love striking terror into the vacant hearts of the plastic Mother & pig-faced Father.

The future of our struggle is the future of fear, FEAR!! The fear of free love, fear of not working, fear of Youth...We drink the magic potion and become the spectre that haunts Amerika. We are the WEREWOLVES baying at the moon and tearing at the fat. Fangs sharpened, Claws dripping. We are not afraid. We create fear. (the Pig wanders from his sty...and the wolves descend).

"Where do they come from?" Who knows. "What do they want?" They won't say. But the moon knows. And the WEREWOLVES know. And the fat frightened giant gulps tranquilizers while his children grow hair and fangs and leave home to run with the wolves.

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself," he said. "But what about the wolves?" she said, anxiously.

A small town, filled with comfortable merchants and their well-fed wives, lies twinkling in the valley as the clouds drift peacefully across the night sky. In the distance a wolf howls, and another one answers, and another, and another, and soon the night is filled with the roar of howling wolves. The sounds merge into a chaotic chorus as the wolves gather together under the fullness of the moon... Lights go on all over the town. Gentlemen in pajamas rush to their windows, unable to sleep because of the horrifying sound carried by the night wind. Women clutch the blankets close around themselves as the shadow, howling shapes move through the streets.

When morning comes, there is silence. The wolves have gone away, have moved on in their mysterious way... Their stomachs sag with the weight of a satisfying feast, and their fangs drip with the fresh blood of their victims. THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN RUN BESIDE THEM.

One of the wolves stops long enough to say, "Survival." And another one answers him, "REVOLUTION!"

The worst fear is fear of the unknown, and we are the Unknown...THE UNKNOWN...WE ARE WEREWOLVES!!!

International New Wolf Gangway

Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers



Revolution in dreams
 Revolution in books
 Revolution in cars
 Revolution in advertising

but everywhere repression.

repressed living as the
 expression of everyday life

And your biggest enemy is your ASS.

pick it up
 let it move
 Make it happen

is anything else in nature straight = NO =
 where the fuck did it come from?
 From your fucking heads.

Can you sleep with Che under dorm regulations?
 Will Aretha Franklin sing the 6th International?
 Can you MOVE!

Street music:

Tactical Pig Symphony vs. the Invisible Street Band / banned / ban

BAMN

By Any Means Necessary

And despite everything the man can do--we will survive, we will grow,
 and dig it--we will win!
 Make It Happen.

The Bossman (No-Balls/man) sees the threat of the Street whore
 luring "his" young from the programmed possibility of their
 existence into the only real possibility of existence -- luring
 the worker's sons from factory smoke to the smoke of the burning
 factories--And now "living" is possible for everyone.

"Poor Dad, too bad, Momma hung you in the closet and I'm feelin'
 so sad."

So pick his pockets
 Take his watch
 Steal his gold teeth----

And Support your local Revolution -- MAKE IT HAPPEN



up against the wall/motherfuckers (IWWC)

Ben Morea: An Interview

**Ben Morea was interviewed by
Iain McIntyre in 2006.**

Tell us about your background and how you came to find yourself involved in the radical scenes of New York during the 1960s.

Ben Morea: I was raised mostly around the Virginia/Maryland area and New York. When I was ten years old my mother remarried and moved to Manhattan. I was basically a ghetto kid and got involved in drug addictions as a teenager spending time in prison. At one point when I was in a prison hospital I started reading and developed an interest in art. When I was released I completely changed my persona. In order to break my addiction I made a complete break from the kids I grew up with and the life I knew.

In the late 1950s I went looking for the beatniks because they seemed to combine social awareness with art. I met the Living Theatre people and was highly influenced by their ideas despite never being theatrically oriented myself. Judith Malina and Julian Beck were anarchists and they were the first people to put a name to the way I was feeling and leaning philosophically.

I also met an Italian-American artist named Aldo Tambellini who was very radical in his thinking and who channelled all of that into his art rather than social activism. He would only hold shows in common areas like churchyards and hallways in order to bring art to the public. He influenced me a lot in seeing that having art in museums was a way of rarefying it and making it a tool of the ruling class.

I'm self educated and continued my pursuit of anarchism and art through reading and correspondence. I became aware of Dada and Surrealism and the radical wing of twentieth century art and sought out anyone who had information about it or who had been involved. I really felt comfortable with the wedding of social thought with aesthetic practice. I corresponded quite a bit with one of the living Dadaists Richard Huelsenbeck who was living in New York, but whom I never met.

At the same time I became friendly with the political wing of the anarchists meeting up with people who had fought in Spain, from the Durutti Brigade and other groups. They were all in their 60s and I was in my 20s.

I was also a practising artist working at my own art and aesthetic. I was mainly painting in an abstract, but naturalistic form as well as doing some sculpture. There was some influence from the American expressionists, but Zen was also an influence.

When did Black Mask come together as a group? How were you organised and who was involved?

Ben: It's hard to say whether we started in 1965 or 1966, but the magazine definitely started in 1966. Black Mask was really very small. It started off with just a few people. As anarchists, and not very doctrinaire ones, we had no leadership although I was the driving force in the group. Both Ron Hahne and I had already been working together with Aldo doing art shows in public to promote the idea of art as an integral part of everyday life, not an institutionalised thing.

Ron and I became close friends and found that we had a more socially polemical view than Aldo in wanting to go closer to the political elements of Dada and Surrealism as well as to the growing unrest in Black America. We wanted to find a place where art and politics could coexist in a radical way. Once we started publishing *Black Mask* and holding actions other artists and people on a similar wavelength were attracted to what we were doing. I've always favoured an organic approach where you don't have meetings and people just associate informally rather than having a hierarchy and recruiting members.

Over time Ron became less interested in the political sphere and I became more interested in working with the people who were involved in fighting for civil rights and against the Vietnam war.

I can honestly say that in both Black Mask and then later The Family we never held a meeting where we consciously sat down to decide our direction or exactly how we would deal with a particular action or situation. It all developed as a very spontaneous, organic outgrowth of whatever we thought was appropriate at the time.

One of Black Mask's first actions was to shut down the Museum Of Modern Art (MOMA). Tell us about what happened and the group's approach to direct action in general.

Ben: We felt that art itself, the creative effort, was an obviously worthwhile, valuable and even spiritual experience. The Museum and gallery system separated art from that living interchange and had nothing to do with the vital, creative urge. Museums weren't a living house, they were just a repository. We were searching for ways to raise questions about how things were presented and closing down MOMA was just one of them.

The action was a success. We'd announced our plans in advance and they closed the museum in fear of what we might do. A lot of people stopped and talked with us about what we were doing and this action and others attracted radical artists to our fold.

At other times we disrupted exhibitions, galleries and lectures. Most of these actions were just thought up on the spot and a lot of what we did was part of a learning process. Things weren't completely thought out, but were a way for us to develop an understanding of our place in the ongoing struggle. A lot of political groups would have these big grandiose strategies and plans, but for us the actions were just a way of expressing ourselves and seeing how we could make a dent in society.

In 1966 the group also targeted the Loeb Centre at New York University (NYU). What happened with that action?

Ben: We had a strong sense of humour and of guerrilla theatre. I used to disrupt art lectures at NYU to raise issues other than those that the lecturers wanted to discuss. As a result I was challenged to a debate by some of the academics. I remember that particular event had such a pretentious approach that we had to do something. It was incredibly stratified and only meant for the elite and it seemed like they'd done everything possible to keep it away from the public at large. We handed out loads of leaflets advertising this free event with food and alcohol and they had to block off the streets all around because so many people showed up. We went down to the Bowery and handed out flyers so that all the drunks and street people would show up.

Black Mask clearly drew inspiration not only from the Dadaists, Surrealists and avant-garde movements of the past, but also from the contemporary black insurrections and youth movements of the 1960s. Tell us a little more about these influences and about your ideas and approach to politics and art in general.

Ben: From my perspective and that of the people I worked with we saw a need to change everything from the way we lived to the way we thought to the way we even ate. Total Revolution was our way of saying that we weren't going to settle for political or cultural change, but that we want it all, we want everything to change. Western society had reached a stalemate and needed a total overhaul. We knew that wasn't going to happen, but that was our demand, what we were about.

It also meant seeing that you need all types of people involved, not just political activists. Poets and artists are just as important. Revolution comes about as a cumulative effect and part of that is a change in consciousness, a new way of thinking.

How did Black Mask fit into the New York political and arts scenes because it seems as if you went out of your way to ridicule and challenge ideologues of all stripes?

Ben: A lot of political people questioned what we did saying we should only attack society on the political front and that we shouldn't care about art. However we felt it was best to take action in the place where you were and that as artists these issues were important to us.

Many of the hippies distrusted us and the politicians hated us because they couldn't control us or

understand what we were doing. As for the people in the art world I'm sure most of them thought we were crazy.

Black Mask seems to have issued various challenges to the peace movement in criticising the moderates for their lack of militancy whilst also attacking the Left for its unconditional support of the National Liberation Front (NLF). Many radicals from the 1960s are now somewhat regretful or appear reticent to speak about their support for the North Vietnamese regime.

Ben: We supported the right of the Vietnamese people to resist American invasion, but were not going to support the North Vietnamese government's own oppressive behaviour. It was a subtle point and most of the left couldn't understand it. We knew the history of Spain where both the Francoists and Stalinists executed anarchists. We refused to support one side or the other.

I hated the knee jerk reaction of much of the Left who delighted in waving the NLF flag around. We didn't cheer the killing of American troops who were stuck over there as cannon fodder like some others did.

In a sense we didn't fit in anywhere and that meant we became a pole of attraction for all those other people who weren't interested in a dogmatic or pacifistic approach. Much of the later evolution of Black Mask into The Family came about through more and more of these people joining with us and affecting where we were going.

Black Mask and later The Family were some of the first groups to encourage the concept of affinity groups as a way of organising. One Family member famously defined an affinity group as a "street gang with analysis." How did this approach develop and the use of term come about?

Ben: Although we associated in similar circles with Murray Bookchin our group was always very different because we were very visceral and he was very literate. Murray was keen on using the Spanish term *aficionado de vaires* to describe these non-hierarchical groupings of people that were happening. We said "Oh my god, can you really imagine Americans calling themselves *aficionado de vaires*?" (laughter) "Use English, call them affinity groups."

Tell us about the *Black Mask* magazine you produced which ran from 1966 to 1968 and spanned ten issues.

Ben: Ron and I mainly put the magazine together, but there was a wider group who helped produce, print and distribute it. We sold it for a nickel, which wasn't much money, but we figured if people had to pay for it then they would actually want and read it rather than just take one look and throw it in the trash.

We tended to sell it on the Lower East Side, which was the most fertile ground for us as there were many artists and activists. We occasionally went up town as well although that was more to stir the pot.

Black Mask was one of the first groups to take on countercultural figures like Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsberg for their timidity, orientation towards religion and status seeking, labelling them at one point "The New Establishment." From 1967 onwards it seems as if Black Mask moved a lot of its critique away from the arts establishment and towards the growing hippy movement and New Left.

Ben: Although we were critical of them I was close to Allen Ginsberg and became close to Timothy Leary years later. What we were trying to say at that moment was that they were allowing themselves to be used as a safety valve. We wanted to attack the core of society and believed they weren't doing that. At the time we thought they were being used by the likes of Time and Life magazine although in hindsight Time and Life probably wish they had never covered them, especially Timothy.

We were always trying to shake things up, to push everyone else as well as ourselves. There was always a lot of interchange with all sorts of other radicals and sometimes there was fratricide in that we would strike out at people we otherwise liked just to make a point.

In 1966 Black Mask magazine cited the Situationist International as a group moving in a similar direction to yourselves calling as they were for “the revolution of everyday life” and the abolition of art as a separate, specialized activity. However in late 1967 the SI expelled three of its British members for having supported “a certain Ben Morea, publisher of the bulletin Black Mask.” What was the source of friction between the groups and to what extent were you ever linked?

Ben: The Situationists and I never saw eye to eye. I thought that they were extremely doctrinaire and limited. The Situationists seemed to excommunicate more people than they kept. There was never really any connection between our groups and theirs.

What happened with the “assassination” of the poet Ken Koch in 1967?

Ben: Koch was a symbol to us of this totally bourgeois, dandy world. Myself, Dan Georgakas, Alan Van Newkirk and some of the other Black Mask people went to one of his readings. I think I came up with idea to shoot him with a blank pistol. Alan looked like the classic image of the bomb throwing anarchist. He was about six foot three, long and thin with a gaunt face and always dressed in black- the anarchist incarnate. So we decided “You’re the one, you’re going to shoot him.” (laughter) We printed a leaflet and all it had on it was a picture of Leroi Jones with the words ‘Poetry is revolution.’ On the night when Alan shot the blank Koch fainted and everyone in the audience assumed he was dead and started screaming. Some people threw the leaflet from the balcony into the crowd and then we all left.

Reactions after the event were split between people who thought it was the greatest thing they’d ever heard and those that thought we were a bunch of sophomoric assholes. Which was great because so much of what Black Mask and The Family was about was pushing people to decide “Do I belong with this group of people or this one?” We were determined to be outrageous in order to force people to decide where they stood on things. We wanted to push people, force them to think. “Why shoot Koch? He’s just a nice poet.”

What was Black Mask’s connection to Students for a Democratic Society?

Ben: We saw that SDS was becoming a real force for change and that all these traditional left groups and Maoists like Progressive Labor were trying to take it over and control its direction. We thought it was important for other kinds of people, like us, to get involved and show the students that there were many choices, many ways they could go.

I remember being at one of the SDS national conventions and people were getting into a heated debate about the differences between the Yankees, the East Coast based establishment, and the Cowboys, the Texan based establishment. I got up and said “This is all bullshit, I don’t know about you guys, we’re not the Yankees or the Cowboys- we’re the Indians!” Another time a member of The Family ran for a position and got up with a waste paper basket and said “Here’s my platform, throw all the position papers in here.”

With both Black Mask and later The Family we used guerrilla theatre and actions to show that there was another approach on offer other than boring politics as usual and the more volatile elements of SDS resonated with that. Some of the people who went on to form [US armed struggle organisation] The Weathermen hung out with The Family and, although it has never really been credited, borrowed a lot from our militant style and attitude. However once they melded with the more Leninist groups they took it all in a very different direction.

Tell us about Valerie Solanas, who you were close to and wrote a defence of following her murder attempt on Andy Warhol in 1968. There was a deafening silence in the underground press around her ideas and actions following the shooting. This seems a little odd given the fact that by this point the New Left had begun to increasingly glorify political violence.

Ben: Valerie used to stay with me quite a bit as she was fairly homeless and always on the move. There was a lot of parody and irony in her writing, but she was also, and I don’t mean this in a bad sense, a fairly crazy person. She saw a need to raise a lot of issues around what happens to women

and the SCUM Manifesto was the best way she could express herself. I always loved people who were loose cannons, who didn't fit the mould.

Sometime later when Black Mask had wrapped up and The Family had started we were involved in the occupation of Columbia University [1968]. Valerie came up there and found me and asked "What would happen if I shot somebody?" I said "It depends on two things- who you shoot and whether they die or not." A week later she shot Andy Warhol.

After she shot him I wrote a pamphlet supporting her. I may have been the only person who did that publicly. I went up to MOMA and handed it out there. Everybody I met was very negative about it, but, hey, I disliked Andy Warhol immensely and I loved Valerie. I felt she was right in her anger and that he was way more destructive than she was because he was helping to destroy the whole idea of creativity in art. Some people dislike the term, but I feel that creativity is a kind of spiritual act, a profound thing for people to do. Warhol was the exact opposite, he tried to deny and purge the core of creativity and put it on a commercial basis. As a person he was really despicable, as well, and that's why Valerie hated him. He used and manipulated people.

The attack on Andy was met with silence on the Left and I think that was because it raised issues that no one could deal with. This wasn't violence occurring in some far off place. Also Andy had become a star, almost an honoured image, and here she was striking at it. Even the people who liked her feminist approach couldn't deal with the fact that she would harm Andy. Black Mask and The Family drove the political people nuts because we didn't fit into any of their blueprints, because we were loose cannons, so you can imagine how they looked upon Valerie.

Black Mask continued as a magazine until mid-1968. What was the process by which the group began to evolve and change into what became known as Up Against the Wall Motherfucker?

Ben: The Family/Up Against The Wall Motherfucker and Black Mask were related in that one grew into the other, but in reality they were very separate groups in terms of the people involved and what they did. There was no decision to start a new group, no blueprint, it was just an evolutionary thing where one died away and the next thing came to be. It's hard even to say exactly at what point one ended and the next began.

The Family went over the edge, was extremely volatile and didn't have as much inclination toward the cultural sphere. It included a lot of artists, but also people from all persuasions who wanted to live a life more real, more visceral than what was offered. Something less limiting than just pursuing politics or art, something freer.

We weren't really hippies or politicians. We were separate from other groups even though we were part of the wider counterculture. Some people would have placed us as hippies. Those that knew something about the counterculture could sense that we were a much more guttural breed. But outwardly we did have the trappings of the hippies in terms of long hair and ethnic clothing. We also took a lot of LSD. Even though we were also radicals no one would have mixed us up with the Young Communist League. (laughter)

What were some of the differences between Black Mask and The Family?

Ben: The Family was much bigger and more vital than Black Mask which was more of a esoteric group. We never called ourselves Up Against The Wall Motherfucker, although we signed our posters and leaflets UAW/MF, which anyone in the group could produce, with that name. Amongst ourselves we were The Family, which might sound weird now because of the association of that name with Charles Manson with whom we had no connection and nothing in common with. Whereas I was the main figure in Black Mask The Family was quite different because it involved a large group of people who were all equal in strength and in determining the direction of the group. It was essentially a loose confederation of affinity groups living across a series of crash pads who shared a tribal outlook and lifestyle. Different people from the core group would gravitate to a particular address where a lot of young hippies and runaways would also stay.

The fact that we rejected the nuclear family model and lived collectively was never arrived

at in a polemical fashion or laid out as a blueprint. We just had a sense that there were other roots to living other than what the West had to offer, whether it was from Native Americans, gypsies or Africa. The hippies had some of that too, but we really leaned heavily towards this tribal, ethnic outlook. We felt that there was some strength there that transcended the Western world. We tried to understand and incorporate some of these elements, both in our appearance and actual living style. Our whole lives were directed towards free flow, living organically.

Tell us about the actions The Family were involved in.

Ben: The first real action we did as The Family was to take garbage to the Lincoln Centre in February 1968. There was a garbage strike in New York and there was tons of refuse mounting up in the ghettos. The commercial and wealthier areas were able to hire private contractors to clean their streets so we decided to take some of the garbage from the Lower East Side up to the Lincoln Centre. One of our members proposed this as a cultural exchange- garbage for garbage (laughter). Although others tended to focus on our aggression and militancy we really had some beautifully witty people.

We put out a leaflet explaining why we were doing this, but those of us involved realised that we weren't really Black Mask anymore and so we didn't want that name on it. There was a poem by Leroi Jones with the line "Up Against The Wall Mother Fucker" in it and I suggested we put that on there. Somehow it stuck and from then on everyone referred to us as that. It wasn't a deliberate thing on our part. It would have been fairly pretentious to just name ourselves "The Motherfuckers." (laughter) Black Mask continued as a magazine for a little longer and then UAW/MF started creating flyers and posters and doing things for papers like The Rat.

How were those broadsheets and statements put together?

Ben: They were part of our artistic politics and we enjoyed putting them together either individually or as a group. We wanted to do something that was creative and visually exciting, but which also made a statement. With *The Rat* two to six members of The Family would go up to their office each week and do our page. Whoever felt inspired would come along and we'd all collaborate. People who have reprinted our work, both at the time and since, often failed to appreciate our sense of humour. We believed in what we were doing, but we didn't want to be too serious. We could laugh at ourselves. The best influence we felt we could have was not just to inject militancy, but also joy and humour into the struggles of the time.

We had our own mimeograph machine so people were constantly running off leaflets and posters. A lot of the time I would see one on the street that I didn't even know had come out. The beauty of our family was that it was multi-armed and had no central brain so people were often doing actions and producing things that the rest knew little about.

In the group's writings an affinity group was defined as a "street gang with analysis." How much of the traditional street gang mentality was a part of your outlook though?

Ben: Some members were more into the street thing than others. We weren't territorial or into dead end opposition however. We were "street tough" rather than street toughs. Osha Neumann who penned that particular definition (though I had coined the term Affinity Group) saw it as meaning that we had street smarts and an intense bond not that we were irrational bullies.

In 1968 students struck and occupied buildings at Columbia in a protest against the redevelopment of land earmarked for social housing and the university's links to weapons research. How were you guys involved?

Ben: There were five buildings occupied at Columbia and the one we were in was the only one the police didn't attack. We didn't put a call out, but everyone who was a fighter gravitated towards that building. We were so fortified and aggressive that having evicted all the others they decided to negotiate rather than force their way in.

We didn't operate from any plan, we just saw situations and took our chances. We were edge dwellers. During the anti-war protests at the Pentagon we saw the doors weren't heavily guarded so

we went for it and broke them open. We'd gone along with all the other protesters, but pretty soon we attracted a core of a few 100 people who were like us. We saw an opportunity, made a move and they came along.

During 1968 and 1969 The Family were also involved in resisting police harassment and violence on the Lower East Side. How did you go about dealing with these problems?

Ben: Our response would include everything from peaceful protests to not peaceful battling depending on the situation. We were extremely volatile and it often depended on how hard we were pushed.

Eventually they decided that we had to be dealt with. One night we barricaded the streets to traffic and threw a party. The police came, but saw we had too many people and were too strong so they left us alone. However that was the beginning of the end. We'd become too cocky and uncontrollable and they began busting us for anything they could.

In October 1968 you personally faced trial on charges of attempted murder in Boston. What led up to this and your eventual acquittal?

Ben: While I was in New York we heard that young freaks, we never called ourselves hippies, were being harassed by this group of vigilantes in Boston. It was pretty bad and a few kids had been hospitalised so I suggested to some Family members that we should go there and look into it. We went up and stayed with the street kids and freaks and sure enough they were attacked while we were there. The attackers were repelled and I was charged by the police.

I was in jail for about two weeks before I raised bail. After I stood trial we heard that these vigilantes were still hurting people and decided to go back because we were concerned that we may have made things worse. The same guys turned up again, but this time they backed down and disappeared which was lucky for me because it wouldn't have done my cause any good.

I didn't get a lot of support for my case as the political community couldn't have cared less about the hippies whilst the hippies were for the most part non-violent. However various people helped out and the story got some coverage in the underground press. In the end I was acquitted, but the foreman told me that it was all down to one juror. On the first vote it was 11 to 1 in favour of convicting me, but one guy managed to convince the others that there was enough doubt to let me go. I don't know who he was, but I owe that one guy my liberty.

Other than supporting people against the police and opening crash pads The Family also ran a free store and was involved in various other activities aimed at street level survival. Tell us about these activities.

Ben: We were always trying to connect the hippy part of the Lower East Side community with the street and homeless part. With the influx of thousands of runaways into the area during the late 1960s they were sometimes one and the same, but the two communities didn't always comfortably coexist. We set up a store front to give homeless people as well as ourselves a place to hang out. We had free clothes, doctors and lawyers on retainers, a mimeograph, information for people who wanted to dodge the draft and get fake ID, information on crash pads, etc. It was a general help centre. We did free food a couple of nights a week, but also held free food events in a hall or a church on the others where we would feed up to 300-400 people. We got some papers from a church saying we were a non-profit and that allowed us to get day old or incorrectly marked stuff from the produce markets and food outlets for free. Some people worked, others made donations and the same papers also helped us to hustle up grants from liberal churches to rent places, etc.

As with a lot of other countercultural groups at the time The Family drew a line between 'life drugs' and 'death drugs.' Tell us about that and the group's approach to illicit drugs in general.

Ben: We differentiated between hard drugs like cocaine and heroin and those like grass, hashish and psychedelics. We saw that LSD and grass were helping to break down the structures between suburban youth and helping them to rethink their place in the universe. Some of us had had

problems with hard drugs and saw that they were destructive. Unlike Leary and others we didn't see psychedelics as a cure all, but they could and did make a positive contribution.

People would sometimes bring kids to me who were on bad trips. I would take LSD and try to go with them to the place where they were in trouble and help them come back. If you want to talk about putting yourself out there, that was it. You wouldn't see many Maoists doing that. (laughter)

In late 1968 The Family went head to head with rock promoter Bill Graham over the issue of community involvement in the Fillmore East venue. What were the origins of the dispute and how did it all pan out?

Ben: At root this was a clash between the grassroots and those who exploit them. We didn't want control of the Fillmore East or anything like that, but we wanted to have one free, non commercial night for the street people. Given the money they were making out of the community we figured that they could give something back.

At first Graham refused and during one meeting in his office he pulled out three silver bullets and lined them up saying "The Hells Angels made similar demands on me and sent me these three bullets and I didn't give in." I got up and said "There's one difference between us and the Angels, we're not giving you anything to put on your desk." That wasn't a literal threat, but a statement that one way or another we were going to get what we were demanding.

One night the Living Theatre people were performing at the Fillmore East and we arranged to come up on stage after them. I made a statement saying that they were finished, but we were going to stay on stage for as long as it would take to get what we wanted. It might take one night, two nights or two weeks, but we were going to stay. We occupied the stage and fights broke out through the night with Graham and his goons, but they lost and at about one or two in the morning he gave in and we got the Thursday night for free.

What sort of events happened on the free Thursdays?

Ben: A lot of rock bands including Canned Heat, the MC5 and Country Joe McDonald came and played for free and we gave out free dope and food. I've been told that the MC5 clashed with some sections of the crowd, but I remember staying at their place in Michigan some time later so I'm not sure what happened there. After three weeks Graham came to me with a letter from the police informing him that they were going to shut the whole venue down if these nights continued due to the free drugs policy. We accepted that that was it, but in the end it didn't matter that it had only lasted three weeks because we got to challenge the whole commercial world of rock n roll.

Woodstock provided us with another opportunity to challenge the music industry. These young kids said "You always say the music's free, well we're going to make it free." Like most of the things we did nothing was planned. We just went along and some of us thought it would be a good idea to cut the fences and let everyone in. When it began raining we found where the organisers were storing camping equipment for sale and liberated all the tents and sleeping bags. We cut a hole in the storage tent and just gave them out.

Did The Family interact much with groups from other parts of the country and world?

Ben: A tremendous number of people came through New York and spent time with us around the time that The Family began. They included some UK Situationists who became the King Mob group, members of the Zenga-Kuren from Japan, Jean Jacques Leibel who was one of the leaders in the '68 uprising in Paris and also some Provos from Holland. All of these groups overlapped with our approach in one way or another.

We were also doing a lot of travelling ourselves. I spent time with The Diggers in San Francisco. They were coming from a very similar place in terms of radicalism and the rejection of the entrepreneurs who were profiting from the counterculture, but our approaches were very different. There was a lot of support from the West Coast groups, even [LSD manufacturer] Owsley gave us some money. There were also small groups of people all over the country who identified with us and stayed with us

What prompted the decision to leave the Lower East Side?

Ben: The police felt threatened by us. They began following us closely and engaging in constant harassment. Some of our people were also charged in the second wave of indictments that came out of the Chicago protests.

These things in themselves didn't drive us out, but we were evolving and exploring new directions. The tribal element became more strident and many of us began to wonder why we were stuck in the ghetto anyway. A lot of the young runaways were being preyed upon and we felt it would be safer to move them out. We took about twenty of them to California at one point and helped others find homes elsewhere.

The group didn't end all of a sudden, but dispersed with most of us getting involved in various land oriented projects and communes. I personally stopped writing and went into the mountains and didn't come out for five years. I became inspired by Wilhelm Reich's *The Murder of Christ* and his idea that you don't ignore the wider issues, but move on to tackle them one person at a time.

With the US government on a permanent war footing overseas whilst simultaneously cracking down on civil liberties and dissent at home it sometimes seems as if the left wing movements of the 1960s never existed. What do you see as the legacy of groups like Black Mask and the New Left in general?

Ben: Part of the reason I re-emerged [after more than 30 years of anonymity] to talk about what we did back in the 1960s is the fact that things have gotten so bad in the US. It's at a point where you can't ignore it, it's worse than ever.

I figured that I'd start letting people know about our history and then go from there. All I can tell people is that when it looked pretty dismal in the past we took action and it did have an effect. A lot was achieved and yet a few years beforehand no one would have expected that we could take on the behemoth of American capitalism. It's counter-productive to sit back and say "You can't do anything." It's not my place to tell people exactly what they should do, but there is always some way to respond and take action, just look around.

Other than giving occasional talks Ben has returned to painting and also contributes his opinions to a regular blog which can be found at <http://e-blast.squarespace.com>

*Sections of this interview have previously appeared alongside commentary from Dan Georgakas in an article about Black Mask that appeared in the 2007 AK Press anthology *Realizing The Impossible: Art Against Authority* (Josh McPhee and Erik Reuland, editors).*



We Propose A Culture Exchange (garbage for garbage)

AMERICA TURNS THE WORLD INTO GARBAGE
IT TURNS ITS GHETTOS INTO GARBAGE
IT TURNS VIETNAM INTO GARBAGE

IN THE NAME OF UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES (DEMOCRACY, HUMAN RIGHTS)
IN THE NAME OF THE FATHERLAND (COLLIE DOGS, NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES)
IN THE NAME OF MAN
IN THE NAME OF ART
IN THE NAME OF MONEY

AMERICA TAKES
ALL THAT IS EDIBLE, EXCHANGEABLE, INVESTIBLE
AND LEAVES THE REST

THE WORLD IS OUR GARBAGE, WE SHALL NOT WANT.
WE SHALL LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES.
THE REST LIE DOWN IN GARBAGE

AND WE PLAY AS WE MAKE OUR GARBAGE
BEETHOVEN BACH MOZART SHAKESPEARE
TO COVER THE SOUND OF OUR GARBAGE MAKING

AND WE EXCLUDE THE GARBAGE FROM OUR PALACES OF CULTURE
AND WE WILL NOT LET IT MARRY OUR DAUGHTER
AND WE WILL NOT NEGOTIATE WITH IT OR LET IT TAKE OUR SHIPS

BUT WE ARE FACED WITH A REVOLT OF THE GARBAGE

A CULTURAL REVOLUTION
GARBAGE FERTILIZES
DISCOVERS ITSELF

AND WE OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE HAVE DECIDED TO BRING
THIS CULTURAL REVOLUTION TO THE LINCOLN CENTER- IN BAGS
IS NOT LINCOLN CENTER WHERE IT BELONGS?

ASSEMBLE TO COLLECT GARBAGE 5PM AT 9TH STREET BETWEEN C AND D
MARCH TO THE LINCOLN CENTER
BE AT LINCOLN CENTER BY 8.30PM FOR THE GARBAGE PLANTING

- UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER

Text from a leaflet given out in the run up to the 1968 Lincoln Center action.

AMERICAN CORPORATE CULTURE
WEARING "HIP" MASK
PIMPING OUR MUSIC/CULTURE/LIFE
FOR ITS PIGMEAT



ARMED
LOVE

MEDIA/TRUTH/GUNS
RIP AWAY AMERICAN MASK
WE ARE ROASTING !

W/US UAW/MF
C motherfuckers

The Myth Killer

We must develop our own standard of beauty
The Hip Community Exists because we have abandoned the institutions of this so-called society:
home/family, school, job, army, etc
We are all runaways.

Wherever we are the Hip Community exists: the street, the pad, the park, the subways - all night,
the pawnshops, the coffee houses, Gem's spa - the place doesn't matter.

Considering the many levels and the tremendous mobility of the hip community, in order to survive,
and survival is what we are concerned with, there must be link ups. There must be focal points
within each city where our community can base itself...

What's real to us is the dinner in our stomachs
What's real to us is music we can dance to
What's real to us are all those things necessary for a living community, for a fighting community:
karate classes, bail and defence funds, Anti Pig Militia, communal meals, crashpads, communes...

WHAT'S REAL TO US IS SPACE TO SURVIVE

What's real to us is to feel, to fuck, to dance, to sing, to take dope, to jump up and down, shaggy
haired, fan-toothed with everything hanging out.

To survive in Amerika as a total human being is revolutionary.
Hip is living, really living and to live in Amerika
IS A CRIME PUNISHABLE BY DEATH

As the threat of our community grows repression becomes greater and the need for survival space
becomes more urgent we cannot allow the man to define us or our space.
Everywhere we turn Bullshit Amerika has been defining what we do and who are. We have allowed
the media, the record companies, the psychedelic merchandisers and the suburban imitators to tell
us what "Hip Revolution" is all about--- NO MORE

We must now launch a total assault on every form of oppression that seeks to limit our existence and
our possibilities.
Controlling our lives means controlling our possibilities.

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.

We must create the hip revolutionary community
We must destroy Amerika because it has nothing to offer us, but death.

The INTERNATIONAL WEREWOLF CONSPIRACY is the Hip Revolutionary Community in
Action. Insanely hungry for the chance to discover how to live, and rabid for the blood and guts of
the honkies and pigs who infect everything they see with the plague of living death

WEREWOLVES OF THE WORLD, JOIN THE FEAST

Up Against The Wall/Motherfuckers
Al Paredon Hijo de Puta
Berkeley Commune
Boston Freeman
Church of the New Reality (Southwest)
October 15 Movement
Flower Cong
and You

FROM THE BOOK OF THE MOTHERFUCKER

1



Once upon a time there was a nice concerned man who wanted to build a movement. So he looked around for an issue. What is the issue? He looked so hard for the issue that he developed a one-track mind.

2



So his head wore out from thinking up slogans... & he went into himself to look for the inner truth.

3



He began to feel that he was alone, & that was a lonely feeling. So he started to listen to the masses. The worker had something to say, so he listened. The student has something to say, so he listened. The black has something to say, so he listened. He listened & he listened. And nothing happened...

4



"I'm not going to listen anymore" he said "because nothing's happening." So he decided to express himself... & expressing yourself means the media. He started rapping. He said anything to anybody. He wasn't a leader, but he spoke for everyone & anyone. Yippee!!

5



Nobody really listened. People thought he wasn't serious. And he felt that there was something wrong... so he decided to draw on his past experiences. An issue, but not any particular issue, & an action to go with it. The election? Vote with your feet! Issue & action...?

6



But that wasn't enough. So he retired to think & to work it all out... And sooner or later he came up with the correct line. He got paid a lot for going around & telling other people what they should do. But somehow the movement transcended him. "Up Against The Wall Motherfucker"

Another Carnival of Left Politics

It seems the respectable left organizations (YSA, PLP, SDS, PFP, ISC) never tire of providing entertainment for the bourgeoisie - and worse, keep trying to rechannel any really radical energies back into their bullshit forms. Their self-styled 'revolutionary' attitudes, based supposedly on Marxism (antique 19th century ideology), certainly aren't reflected in their lifestyles - just ask one for a buck or a fuck And now that Huey is convicted what will they do??? Sadly, we all know, they'll have another rally, they'll picket death row, they'll march on the courthouse, they'll shift from their tv armchairs to auditorium armchairs; while they sit righteously clucking like hens, disapproving of the 'terrorists and provocateurs' who are taking care of business. And in the absence of any relevant politics they make false separations and throw around labels. Well, who are the saboteurs and the terrorists??? We are. All of us who will sabotage the foundations of amerika's fucked up life; all of us who strike terror in the heart of the bourgeois honkies and all their armchair book quoting jive-ass honky leftists/white collar radicals who are the VD of the revolution.

And if there's a panther or french student on the stage talking at them, they go home feeling radical, as if revolution were a disease you could get by association... The only thing a liberal or honky leftist is good for is to throw between me and the pig/or to jack up for lunch money. And when the people on the streets realize it they'll run the bastards back to their tv sets.

At the same time we must understand the role these organizations have played. PFP has rallied elements of the white community to the 'support' of the besieged Panthers! But the time for support is over, not to speak of the time to stop playing with bourgeois forms of electoral politics. And YSA rallies have provided a focus for street energies, but rallies and pickets won't stop the racist pig oppressor.

What we have to realize is that these early levels of struggle have been transcended by the development of the struggle itself. Chicago reveals a higher form of street event and the bomb on Telegraph reveals another, while Cleveland's ambush offers an altogether higher plain, moving us towards real (not metaphorical) guerrilla struggle ... But at our present stage of development the issue is not whether we should take to the streets, finding some form of mass expression, RATHER than engage in clandestine activity. There is no separation in the revolutionary movement. Every act is assimilated into the struggle, if it furthers the revolt... We must be flexible to rally one day and bomb the next. And we must find new forms for massing and moving in the street at the same time as we create alternative modes of actions when street action is impossible.

And in France we saw that the worker-student alliance didn't come about because the workers responded to traditional left forms of organization, but because they saw the students and street people moving the struggle to a real level of confrontation in the streets. And in a post-industrial world what have the traditional leftists to offer workers who know that their work is meaningless.

Certainly not another dose of the protestant work ethic. They still can't understand it, but in 1919 when they were struggling for higher wages and better working conditions DADA was in the streets calling for total unemployment and the new man. And today we offer automation, cybernation and free love on the streets.

But beyond these considerations the movement must understand the real reasons for its actions. We do not take to the streets because we want free speech or free assembly (those are liberal demands) nor do we take to the streets in 'support' of Chicago or Paris, or anywhere or anyone else (including 'support' of Huey). We have our own struggle. We are fighting for ourselves/for our community/for our very lives. The issue is not something other than ourselves/we are the issue. It is the liberation of our lives that we are fighting for/to liberate ourselves from tight-assed bourgeois life, and it is our experience of the boredom and misery of amerikan life that drives us to destroy it anywhere it confronts us.

-Berkeley Commune

Up Against the Wall/Motherfucker

Text taken from a 1968 leaflet.



TO LIVE ONE MUST LOVE
TO LOVE ONE MUST SURVIVE
TO SURVIVE ONE MUST FIGHT !

-MOTHERFUCKERS- ^{I.}W.^{C.}

Acid-Armed Consciousness

Acid-armed consciousness

We are the balance of cosmic energy

We are the freaks of an unknown space/time we are the sys of the revolution

Destroying-creating everywhere a new reality exploding into an environment

An environment that must be transformed

Our gargantuan strength spiralling through the unreality of this country

Tearing away the past and present

We are the future

We are the eye of the revolution

We are a tribal culture - a community of families armed with drugs/magic/guns

Our weapons are our lives flowing together living together merging constantly

We are one. We are one.

We are the eye of the revolution.

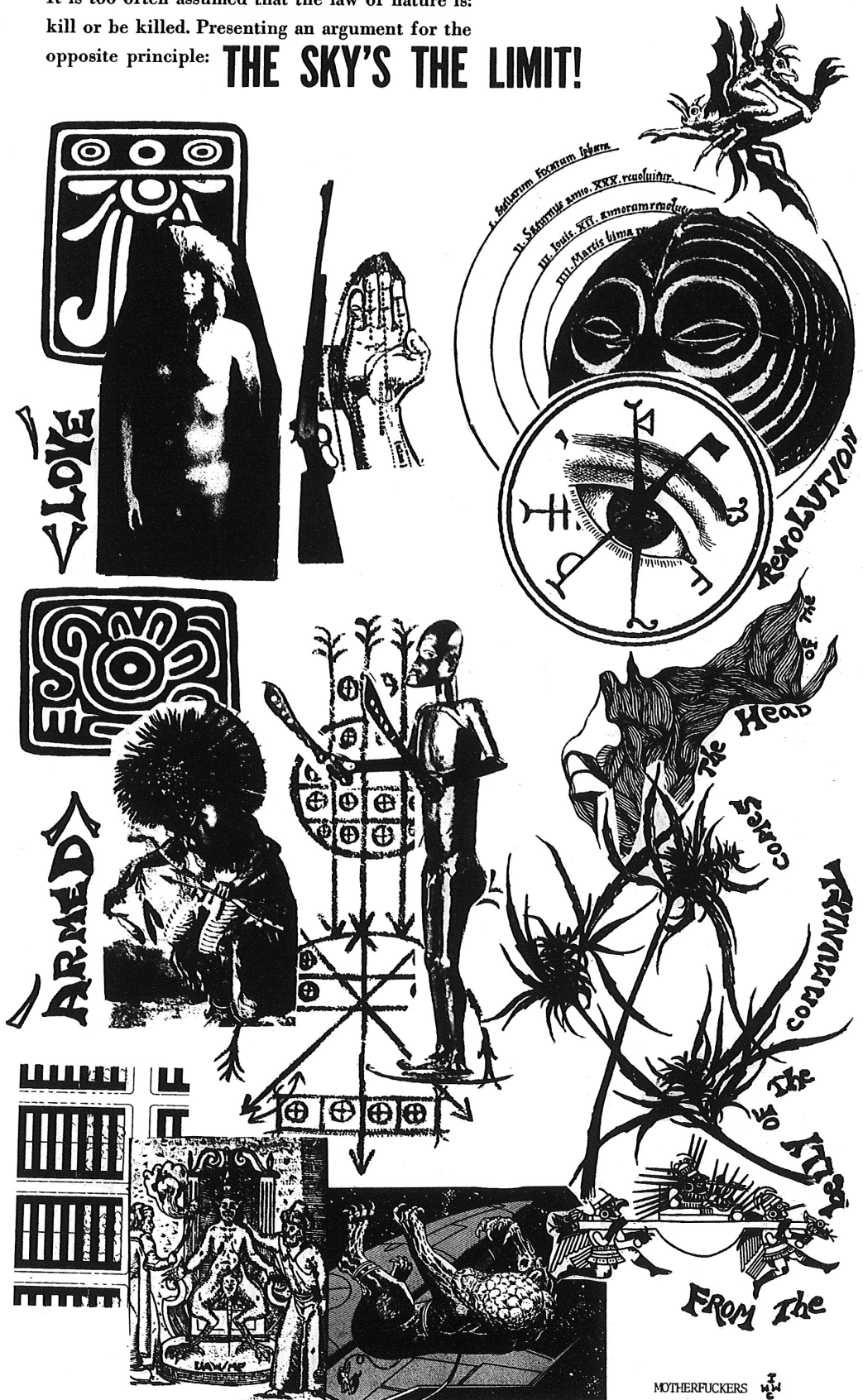
40,000 blacks and longhair brothers of the boogie movement (in California alone) are securely locked in jail for what are seemingly only drug busts. But the man fears the real threat of out total life change that drugs are only a part of. Freaks in other cultures have always found ways to turn on and trip naturally since men had minds to explore and explode. Yet LSD is truly a product of this culture's technology and the trip can be as plastic as the system that made reproducible the internal serotonin turn-on. Just as we can liberate the cybernetic experience to free men from work and the machines that bind their bodies, we can expand the psychedelic experience beyond the glorified plastic mechanism that still plugs in some minds. Even the most 'freed' freaks can use acid and be used, to be overwhelmed instead of to overwhelm, to be terrified when we should be terrifying! Only when we simultaneously see our magic drugs as an ecstatic revolutionary implement, and feel our bodies as the cellular macrocosm and galactic microcosm will our spiral/life energy destroy everything dead as it races over the planet leaving us alive spinning at the pineal eye.

Blown minds of screaming-singing-beaded stoned armed-feathered Futurepeople are only the sparks of a revolutionary explosion and evolutionary planetary regeneration. Neon Nirvanas finally overload their circuits - Watts pulls out the plug and sets the country on its own inextinguishable electrical fire as we snake dance thru our world trailed by a smokescreen of reefer.

- UAW/MF

This text originally appeared as a part of a broadsheet in The Rat, 1968.

It is too often assumed that the law of nature is:
kill or be killed. Presenting an argument for the
opposite principle: **THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!**



A Motherfucker Translation Of The Buddha

Presidents and financiers who oppress us
are as empty as their lives
Their money is worthless
as the products they shit,
And all the objects of their culture
are as meaningless as flags.

All their concepts of the universe
are as vacuous as their TV tubes,
And even our insignificant lives
are a judgement against theirs.
For they speak only the language of oppression
and we have presented the vision of a new life.

Remember that the men who control your life
create the terms of existence,
And to create reality in your sleep
is your final consolation.

But we who struggle with our lives
plan the seeds of future rebellion:
Our knowledge of ourselves
is our greatest conquest,
And any glimpse they get of our world
gives them nightmares.

They understand only half the truth
can't see the two forks
of the serpents one tongue,
And all their passionately held ideologies
are nothing but a memory
of our past struggles.

The Vast Body

when the vast body moves thru battlefield streets
it walks on many legs
hungry cells and angry bellies
guts of anger/blood of anger
anger in one fantastic throat that cries:
“Now! Now this body sees, this body feels
this body knows and aches, this body
will suffer to be chained no more!”
and when the vast body moves thru battlefield streets
the great buildings tremble...

These poems originally appeared in the sole, undated issue of the Up Against The Wall Motherfucker magazine.

CHAPTER REPORT ON THE S.D.S.
REGIONAL COUNCIL OF MARCH 10

A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL
IS A BOTTLE FILLED WITH
THREE PARTS KEROSENE
AND ONE PART MOTOR OIL
IT IS CAPPED
AND WRAPPED
WITH COTTON
SOAKED WITH GASOLINE

TO USE —
LIGHT COTTON
THROW BOTTLE

FIRE AND EXPLOSION OCCUR
ON IMPACT WITH TARGET

A "WHITE RADICAL"
IS THREE PARTS BULLSHIT
AND ONE PART HESITATION.

IT IS NOT REVOLUTIONARY
AND SHOULD NOT BE
STOCKPILED
AT THIS TIME

respectfully submitted

UP AGAINST THE WALL

MOTHER FUCKER

A Little Treatise on Dying

The student is shit. He is the privileged person in an underprivileged world of suffering, but only because he does not recognize his own boredom as a form of imprisonment, of torture. He is not only deadened to reality, he is also deprived of the consciousness of his own suffering. He accepts himself as 'normal', but it is only the normality of his repression that makes him like the rest of society.

The student movement is blind to itself: it does not understand the forces that push it into action, it cannot connect its struggle with its own life. (The issue is clearly not credit for Cleaver's course, or racist hiring practices - the issue is not the issue - and Cleaver for Janitor is no solution.) The student movement seeks 'demands' everywhere, but because students cannot see the absurdity of their own lives and their own imprisonment, they cannot begin to imagine what the struggle is for.

Students in France, Japan, and especially Mexico, are struggling and dying in the streets in the real fight for liberation... and revealing the poverty of our own movement and the terrible artificiality of our 'struggles'.

The real struggle will be easy to recognize because it will cut thru all the bullshit in which we are trapped. It knows its objectives. Its tactics are clear. It moves with confidence. It is struggling to WIN.

We begin by killing the enemy within us, within the hearts and minds of those with whom we would share our bodies and our lives. We come together in small bands with those we have learned to trust, preparing for the long struggle with the enormous power of the institutions that repress us.

An Act of Destruction is an Act of Liberation

The function of the student movement is not to make demands on the university, but to destroy the existence of the 'student' as a social role and as a character structure. **YOU MUST DESTROY THE STUDENT WITHIN YOU.** For only then can the struggle begin against the institutions and masters which have trained us for the submission and slavery in which we now participate. Our goal is not to win concessions, but to kill our masters and create a life which is worth living ... and **IN AMERIKA LIFE IS THE ONE DEMAND THAT CAN'T BE FILLED.**

- international werewolf conspiracy

This text originally appeared on a leaflet in 1968.

WHERE IS THE REVOLUTION?

between our legs
up a tree
in a hole

TWENTY STUDENTS MACHINE-GUNNED IN MEXICO CITY
where is the revolution?

TWENTY STUDENTS MACHINE-GUNNED ON ST. MARY PL.

John Nigger Doe booked in the 9th prd.
beaten bloody
taken to the hospital:
"epileptic seizure" or
pig fever?

John Nigger Doe beaten bloody
John Nigger Doe blow for blow
John Nigger Doe
Shot in Mexico.



John Nigger Doe that's how the cops booked Ricardo Sandino after
they beat the shit out of him on St. Marx Pl.
John Nigger Doe had what the nurse called an epileptic fit after
the beating while he was being held at the station.
John Nigger Doe is the name of the girl that spit in the face of
the desk sargent pig who wouldn't tell her what
happend to Ricardo.
John Nigger Doe runs thru the streets of this muthafucking country
(hey turn left in Chicago, run thru this fucking
alley to Berkeley, jump the back of that bus to
Boston.)
John Nigger Doe the heat's on, the heat's off
and he's tired of running.

Life Against the Wall

Armed Love

“To find those ideas which can express our reality means to first to find reality.”- E. Zapata

A new culture and/or lifestyle expressed as old language and/or symbols
twenty-first century drug consciousness in pre-1000 year religious consciousness
or cosmic consciousness expressed throughout history
energy always constant, but constantly refound in the common experience
or the synthesis of old and new
or the synthesis of new and newer
The life process universal, but unique
to love and to die?

To be in contact as completely as possible
with spirit/body/environment
to be in tune with the earth
with the universe
as a flowing dynamic
to demand life
to not be afraid of fighting
of struggling against the oppression which exists
to be totally aware of that oppression/the reality of that oppression
to wield a magical revolutionary weapon: ourselves

Armed Love: The war dance>life>expression as extension

Armed Love: Ki>the collection of and directing of energy

Armed Love: yin-yang

Armed Love: love-armed

Into The Streets

“practice without theory remains unfulfilled;
but theory without practice fulfils only itself.”
(Jack The Ripper)

Everywhere in the world, the old reality reigns
socialism/capitalism, the illusion of opposition divides the world...
And here, for us, the same reality is everywhere reproduced
the new left vs the old left
the PL/”New Worker” split: the front and the back, but everywhere the same counterfeit coin
stamped: BOURGEOIS REALITY

If the revolution is anything it is TOTAL
new ideas, new forms of organization, and above all NEW LIFE

The need is apparent, only fear stands between us and UTOPIA

“And if you don’t believe in lead, you’re already dead.” (Huey P Newton)

Text taken from a broadsheet that appeared in The Rat in 1968.

LOWER-EAST SIDE

Violence as an expression of energy
uncontrolled energy manifested by a repressive environment.
Karma seeking to create an environment that is liberatory,
that will allow all of us to realize and express our being--
not in terms of material possessions--
But in terms of our humanity, our flow with,
not against, the universe.
An energy that seeks to relate to its environment,
to CREATE it as an integral part of
our knowledge of ourselves...

What is man apart from the earth, the universe?
What is man, uptight, isolated, seeing himself in boxes?
What is man removed from his body, unable to relate to its functioning?
What is man apart from others?

We must direct our energies against the death of the human soul, against the
material world that symbolizes this country's degeneration. We are either slaves
to each other or free with each other. And there can be no words that will make
that freedom, no treatises or constitutions...that freedom will only find its
expression totally in its environment.

If there is violence on the Lower East Side we
must be hip enough to understand its nature and
deal with it in those terms. Until we understand
ourselves and see our lives as the beginning of
an end to the amerikan nightmare, until we see
our collective energies and channel them to
strengthen our community, we will constantly
be directing that energy against each other.



DEFENSE

Bulletin

By now everyone is aware of what happened in Tompkins Sq. Park on May 30 and the events which followed, yet not everyone is aware of the situation that has been created since.

The evening of the police assault on the park celebrants (which resulted in the arrest of 36 people and the hospitalization of 3, one seriously) a large segment of the community went to the criminal courts bldg to show solidarity for the arrested and out of concern for their fate. We were among those who arrived that evening and after milling about with the others, decided to form a picket line protesting police brutality (signs were made on the spot with poster boards that someone had the presence of mind to bring). At this point a large segment of those “hippies” present made their opposition to our action known. They argued naively that we were making the situation worse by “protesting” and expressed the false hope that things would go better for those inside if we desisted from our plan. We in turn explained that these people were victims of an unwarranted attack and that this was not an isolated case of brutality, but a common experience for most ghetto dwellers (though new for them) engendered by a system of general oppression which exists and that this must be clearly understood before it can be stopped. At which point we were accused by Paul Krassner (editor, *The Realist*) of being “fascists - the same as the cops.” Therefore those who protest the brutality are the same as those who perpetrate the brutality; an extreme perversion of both truth and language, which seems to have been common in the events that followed.

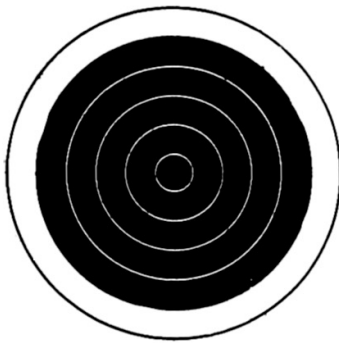
The next evening, Wednesday, an open meeting was held at the “Forum” to discuss what had happened in the park and what could be done. When we arrived the meeting was underway and it seems that Captain Fink of the 9th precinct had been speaking and was now taking questions from the floor to several of which he responded: “what happened was a mistake” (if it was a mistake, who did the police intend to hit?) and that “the police weren’t perfect”, etc. At which point we interjected the opinion that nothing could be solved by speaking to the cops, but that the meeting should be for members of the community and that this should include the Puerto-Rican and Negro inhabitants of the Lower-East Side - that by talking to the cops we gained nothing, but by speaking to our brothers we gain all. At which point a lot of cross yelling began, some hostile, which resulted in Fink leaving and along with him those “reformers” who were only interested in smoothing things out with the police, but not in examining the reasons behind what happened and how it could be prevented in the future. We were once again singled out as “trouble makers” although many people supported our position and the meeting continued resulting in a committee being elected with a representative from each section of the ghetto: hippie, Puerto Rican and black. We were later painted, by those that left early, as a “purely destructive force” and made to seem, somehow, the cause of the trouble which in fact had been started by the police. If our pleas for unity between the whole community, including the Puerto Ricans, had been heeded then the tension between them and the hippies the following night might have been avoided. Are we not all oppressed? Therefore let us unite.

We attempted to give coherence to the situation and place it in a revolutionary context, but were accused instead of “seeking blood” and trying to “exploit and create violence.”

VIOLENCE EXISTS - WE DID NOT CREATE IT
GHETTOS EXIST - WE DO NOT PROFIT FROM THEM
MEN ARE SUPPRESSED - WE DO NOT SUPPRESS THEM

The local establishment and its media were looking for a scapegoat and we were it. We have been singled out because we speak the truth and “the truth is revolutionary”. Those that have a stake in the system cannot blame the system. We can.

Text taken from a 1968 leaflet.



AFFINITY GROUPS

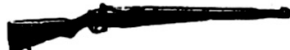
AFFINITY GROUP=A STREET GANG WITH AN ANALYSIS

"Ideas can create life-and-death situations,
but a man can really only fight and die for
himself and for the lives of his friends."

--Chief Joseph

In the present struggle forms of organization must come into being that are appropriate to the changed conditions that are the real content of our times. These must be forms that are tenacious enough to resist repression; forms which can grow secretly, learning to manifest themselves in a large variety of ways, lest their mode of operation be co-opted by the opposition, or they simply be smashed. The affinity group is the seed/germ/essence of organization. It is coming-together out of mutual Need or Desire: cohesive historical groups unite out of the shared necessities of the struggle for survival, while dreaming of the possibility of love. In the pre-revolutionary period affinity groups must assemble to project a revolutionary consciousness and to develop forms for particular struggles. In the revolutionary period itself they will emerge as armed cadres at the centers of conflict, and in the post-revolutionary period suggest forms for the new everyday life.

Mass demonstrations succeed in two ways: they bring predominate levels of consciousness into the streets and make visible the quantity of active alienation in our society...and they sometimes transcend the issues of "demonstration" to become mass actions. As mass demonstrations they fail to advance the nature and the forms of our struggle---as mass actions (whether against cops or against property) they begin to define the direction and the reality of what our struggle must become. "Riots" or rebellions are the highest forms of mass action that we have seen so far. These rebellions project the consciousness of a community in action as it (1) liberates goods and geographical areas, and (2) engages the occupying forces (PIGS) in battle. This form, too, has advantages and limitations, and it is in response to both of these that people are discovering the tactical/theoretical possibilities of working together in small intimate groups. The prospects for the future are clear in at least one respect: the Man and his Pigs are learning "crowd control" and they are escalating their response to all masses of people who take it upon themselves to behave in violation of this society's "law and order." Our preparations for advancing the struggle must always take into account the abilities and tendencies of the enemy. Mass demonstrations and community rebellions will continue to serve particular needs in many situations...But in the general sense of ongoing struggle it is necessary that we begin to act in that manner which is most favorable to our means and to our goals --- THE SMALL GROUP EXECUTING "SMALL" ACTIONS IN CONCERT WITH OTHER SMALL GROUPS/ "SMALL" ACTIONS WILL CREATE A WIDESPREAD CLIMATE OF STRUGGLE WITHIN WHICH ALL FORMS OF REBELLION CAN COME TOGETHER AND FORGE THE FINAL FORM: REVOLUTION...



Already we have seen the small group response -- Columbia's Communes, Berkeley's Revolutionary Gangs, France's Committees of Action, and others so far known only by their actions (Cleveland). In the months to come these groups and the many others which will be forming face two kinds of absolute necessity as they seek to create the possibility of real community:

- (1) Internal development and security. Each group will continue to create its own sense of identity through the conscious synthesis of theory/practice, and each group will apply this identity to the existing reality in the most effective manner.
- (2) External relationships with similar groups. We must begin to set up those forms of communication and mutual awareness that can allow for greater mobility and greater response to more-than-local crises. This means that we will have to begin to create a network of affinity groups (both within existing communities and between those communities).

This network or "Federation" must be characterized by a structural looseness which guarantees the identity and self-determination of each affinity group, as well as an organizational reality which allows maximum concerted actions directed toward total revolution.

The concept of the affinity group in no way denies the validity of mass actions, rather, this idea increases the revolutionary possibilities of those actions. The active minority is able, because it is theoretically more conscious and better prepared tactically, to light the first fuse and make the first breakthroughs. But that's all. The others can follow or not follow...The active minority plays the role of a permanent fermenting agent, encouraging action without claiming to lead. ...In certain objective situations -- with the help of the active minority -- spontaneity finds its place in social movement. It is spontaneity which permits the thrust forward, and not the slogans or directives of leaders. The affinity group is the source of both spontaneity and new forms of struggle.

All Power To The Communes

Columbia University, as an institution owned and run by the same interests that run corporate America can never support an education directed to the overthrow of those interests. A revolutionary movement wishing to educate revolutionaries can not come to terms with Columbia. Ultimately its goal must be to destroy Columbia. But the strike, although it speaks the rhetoric of revolution, can not bring itself to admit what must be its ultimate goal. So its formulations are sometimes confused and unconvincing.

A revolt at Columbia would have to cut Columbia's ties to the ruling corporate structures of America. This means taking power from the trustees and money interests that support Columbia. It can not then be expected that Columbia will be supported by the money it is in revolt against. Without that money there is no Columbia. But the strike leadership denies that it wants to destroy Columbia.

Example of resulting contradiction: question of amnesty: one does not ask the authority one is revolting against to legitimize ones revolt unless one is unsure whether one is revolting or not. Amnesty was presented during the strike both as tactical (we can not negotiate with the university with the punishment over our head) and as more than tactical (we can not accept anything but amnesty because there is no legitimate authority around to punish us). Which is it?

If the rhetoric of revolution is to be believed, then the demands for reform of Columbia are tactical. One urges ones demands to expose, to force polarizing crises. The strike becomes a source of energy that will burn through the dry straw of academic life: in one door of the campus and out another. Its guiding principle: disrespect, bad taste.

Kick the professor in the stomach (if he stands in your way.)

Slash the Rembrandt (if the threat of slashing it will deter the police one must be willing to make the threat real.)

Pile the Chinese porcelain camel on the barricade (Headline: Policeman's axe smashes art treasure.)

Rifle through the files. Smoke the president's cigars.

- UAW/MF

Text from UAW/MF leaflets that appeared during and around the time of the Columbia occupation.

We are a new people
 A mojo-minded
 generation of mutants
 The hoochie-coochie man
 returns as Geronimo
 Babylonian outcasts walking pure gold streets-
 blinded by the sun
 Zapata as a cosmic/chemical bandit
 plunders the valley of the devils.

We are a new music...
 everywhere & everything
 A Free Music...not reflected by recorded sales
 or promotion schemes...but by a new people
 expressing a new reality.



Free yourselves- find your brothers & sisters
 & together see your needs. Put your hands together
 on the cocks, guns, cunts, tits that are the now,
 the will be. Plan the destruction of the death system
 of cops & judges...see the release of energy in an en-
 vironment that is free. And see all that you do as lead-
 ing toward that freedom. If the music you make to
 listen to isn't to be limited by commodity demands it
 must lead toward that energy- that free spirit that will
 express itself as it feels itself.

Music is in the people
 & the people are in the streets
 Move to the natural rhythms
 Move to the rhythms inside
 WE ARE OUR MUSIC

Motherfuckers W.F.W.

Fillmore Free Theater Leaflets

Number One

October 22, 1968. Tonight the people return this theater to themselves. Originally our demands were modest, one night a week free for the people of the FREE community. Bill Graham (who within the archaic legal frames was technically in control of the theater) refused our demands. Now we take what is ours anyway.

The theater now belongs to the people, including Bill Graham.

The seats belong to the people...

Once we asked now we take...

The Fillmore is no longer onemans, but everymans...

WE MUST PRESERVE THIS LIBERATED TERRITORY! NOW

STAY FREE FREE

STAY FREE FREE

STAY STAY FREE FREE FREE

STAY STAY FREE FREE FREE

Number Two

FROM THE LIBERATED ZONE

FREE PRESS BULLETIN

We have only been in the free zone for a short time - already are experiencing the real problems of freedom -

- Should we stay till we get exactly what we want or leave and come back next wednesday when we have the same alternative -

- How do we create out of the sea of free elements that flows through the theater -

- a community - an order that is liberating.

- What tools do we need to create ourselves as a community - a printing press, a microphone?

What?

- What do we do with our freedom (some people become frustrated). Some people look for leaders.

It is easy being an audience.

- Enough rhetoric.

Let's talk to each other - meet in groups - rap - form larger groups - relate our individual arts to the whole. TIME TO PUT THE SHIT TOGETHER NOW! STAY RAP STAY RAP STAY RAP

STAY RAP STAY RAP

Number Three

Bill Graham has said that next wednesday we can have a community meeting.

This must be the start of a free theater for a free community.

The community needs free space. It needs it to survive, grow freaky, breathe, expand, love, struggle, turn on - Bill Graham, hippie entrepreneur, who has made money from our music, but claims the right to his property for himself - may tonight have been a little liberated. Or he may not. Next wednesday will tell.

FREE THE THEATER

FREE BILL GRAHAM

FREE EVERYTHING

ONE NIGHT A WEEK OR THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Text from leaflets handed out during the occupation of the Fillmore East in 1968.

The Reclaiming Project

SEPT:- Members of the Lower East Side community (including The Motherfuckers) approach Bill Graham and demand the use of the Fillmore East FREE one nite a week for the Community.

OCT- Graham says “Yes” and the Community schedules Rock and Raps.

Graham says “No” two days before the promised FREE nite.

Benefit for the Movement (the respectable Movement) held in the Fillmore space. Living Theatre aids Community in liberating the space. 350 Freaks, Motherfuckers, Bikers, etc hold out until Graham concedes to one free Town Meeting to discuss the future, to be held the next week.

THE NEXT WEEK: 5 microphones on 2 tables, one table for Graham and the other for “representatives” of the Community? We said that wasn’t a Town meeting because our “Town” is not a panel- it is our music/free & our dope & our lives. So we took the stage, smoked the joints and made the music (beating on the seats if nothing else was available)... Final, but temporary solution: if we could come up with a program that Graham could approve “we could have the hall.” So meetings held to make up two programs: one for Graham to approve... and one for us.

NOV: FREE nites... up to 1200 people smoking-giving-dropping STONED to the music of Hip Culture our culture free culture - and we are Together.

3rd FREE nite: pigs try to bust two brothers scuffling outside the Fillmore... Hundreds pour out into the street (potential “riot situation.”) Back into the theatre-space. We got to get it better together... Bail Fund started... Street Patrol ideas advanced, accepted, START!

DEC: More FREE Nites, More Dope, More People, More Freedom...

BUT Dec 23 FREE Nite Monday because of Xmas, 3.30 in the afternoon Graham announces cancellation of FREE nite due to Pig pressure (Over Dope). Pigs get ready to riot. No FREE Nite.

NEXT: Dec 26 Electra Records has planned a free concert to introduce the MC5 (watch out for “revolutionary” Rock promotion schemes) to NY. They had already played at one of the FREE nites. The Community was promised tickets... Graham: “I destroyed the tickets rather than let in the Lower East Side Community.” So... showdown. We rap to the MC5. They agree not to play if Community is not let in. Graham “finds” the tickets, backs down and dishes out the tickets. Some of the Community still outside; doors forced open: EVERYBODY gets in! Following concert Community takes the stage, demands FREE nite back. Knife rips curtain, etc. Graham is trapped into agreeing to agree to go to the pigs with representatives of the Community to demand their “hands-off” if Community will agree to give up Dope on FREE nites...

NEXT DAY: No visit to the pig... Because of the “damage” done the nite before. The so called insurance company will not insure Graham if he allows another free nite... so he says. He offers to buy himself off by giving money to another Community project. We leave open the question of money, but say we still want the free nite. We pressure him to write a letter absolving the community of responsibility incurred during Thursday’s confrontation. Armed with the letter we call the insurance company. No dice. The community will meet this week, in the Fillmore or somewhere else (“one way or another.”) We will decide about the future of the Fillmore East, the future of pseudo-hip culture and the future of our LIVES.

WHAT THIS SHIT IS ABOUT IS IMPORTANT

THE RECLAIMING PROJECT (revolution)

THE RECLAIMING PROJECT (new reality)

THE RECLAIMING PROJECT:

Doing becomes the only question

The attempt to live as the only real expression of the demand for life

Living must replace the idea of living.

THE RECLAIMING PROJECT: What is ours will be taken back.

CREATION/DESTRUCTION same breath same moment

We must start with ourselves: rescued from plastic Amerika

OUR MINDS ARE BLOWN FREE

OUR BODIES SEARCH OUT NEW PLACES

(fucking becomes the body energy flow it was meant to be)

SYNTHESIZE MIND BODY COMMUNITY

As we separate ourselves from Amerika we get ourselves together...

Out of our experiences emerge

A CULTURE

A PEOPLE

A VISION

Which have attracted

the media

the money

A new business is born: the business of stripping life from our culture

and selling the husk

And they try to tell us the husk is the whole fruit and now the musicians who used to play for us play for them and plastic weekenders. Spaces where we found each other, danced stoned, dug lights, and moved now turned into "Music Palaces" where the dead sit specialized.

WE WANT IT ALL BACK

ONE NITE A WEEK FREE AT THE FILLMORE IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

BAIL FUND FROM PSEUDO-HIP MERCHANTS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

SPACE IN THE UNDERGROUND MEDIA IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

WE WILL TAKE WHATEVER IT TAKES TO STRENGTHEN

OUR COMMUNITY IN ITS STRUGGLE

THE RECLAIMING PROJECT SPREADS TILL LIFE ITSELF IS OURS

-up against the wall/MOTHERFUCKERS

Text taken from a broadsheet in The Rat, 1969.

we demand

Hordes of Roaches Invade Block in Jersey Each Night

WOODBRIDGE TOWNSHIP.
B. n Je sev Each night
of roaches are invading homes
here during the night in search

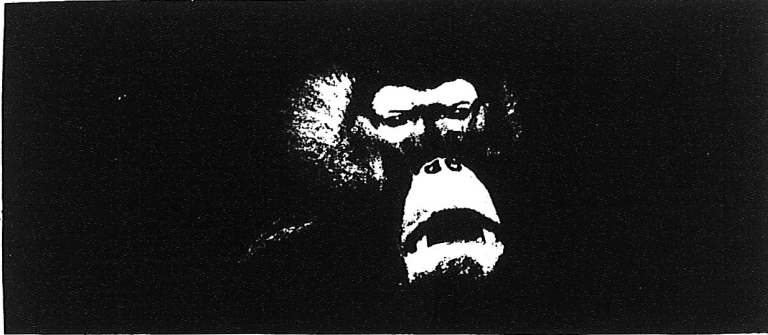
of food.

"It's like something in the movies," said Mrs. Peter Keso whose home was one of 10 severely hit by the insects. "Armies of them march across the street every night."

The roaches appeared last Friday night in uncountable numbers and entered houses along a single block. Residents were unable to stop the insects. One family has already moved out.

Three exterminating companies hired to kill the insects estimate it will take at least a week of constant spraying outdoors and in private homes to kill the roaches.

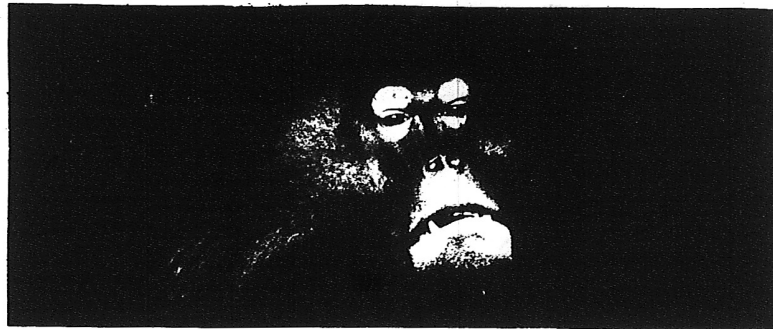
Officials are not certain of where the roaches are coming from.



"TO PUT THOUGHT UNDERGROUND...SO THAT WILDNESS CAN COME ABOVE GROUND."



"MY-UTOPIA IS AN ENVIRONMENT THAT WORKS SO WELL THAT WE CAN RUN WILD IN IT."



UNTIL OUR MOST FANTASTIC DEMANDS ARE MET, FANTASY WILL BE AT WAR WITH SOCIETY. SOCIETY WILL ATTEMPT THE SUPPRESSION OF FANTASY, BUT FANTASY WILL SPRING UP AGAIN AND AGAIN, INFECTING THE YOUTH, WAGING URBAN GUERRILLA WARFARE, SABOTAGING THE SMOOTH FUNCTIONING OF BUREAUCRACIES, WAYLAYING THE TYPIST ON HER WAY TO THE WATER-COOLER, KIDNAPPING THE EXECUTIVE BETWEEN OFFICE AND HOME, CREEPING INTO THE BEDROOMS OF RESPECTABLE FAMILIES, HIDING IN THE CHAMBERS OF HIGH OFFICE, GRADUALLY TIGHTENING ITS CONTROL, EVENTUALLY EMERGING INTO THE STREETS, WAGING PITCHED BATTLES AND WINNING (ITS VICTORY IS INEVITABLE).

WE ARE THE VANGUARD OF FANTASY
WHERE WE LIVE IS LIBERATED TERRITORY IN WHICH FANTASY MOVES ABOUT FREELY AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY, FROM WHICH IT MOUNTS ITS ATTACKS ON OCCUPIED TERRITORY.
EACH DAY BRINGS NEW AREAS UNDER OUR CONTROL
EACH DAY A NEW VICTORY IS REPORTED
EACH DAY FANTASY DISCOVERS NEW FORMS OF ORGANIZATION
EACH DAY IT FURTHER CONSOLIDATES ITS CONTROL, HAS LESS TO FEAR, CAN AFFORD TO SPEND MORE TIME IN SELF DISCOVERY...
EVEN IN THE MIDST OF BATTLES IT PLANS THE CITIES OF THE FUTURE.

WE ARE FULL OF OPTIMISM
WE ARE THE FUTURE

up against the wall/MOTHERFUCKERS

ESSO

Plastic Man vs. The Sweet Assassin

Andy Warhol shot by Valerie Solanas.

Plastic Man vs. The Sweet Assassin -- the face of plastic fascist smashed -- the terrorist knows where to strike -- at the heart -- a red plastic inevitable exploded -- non-man shot by the reality of his dream as the cultural assassin emerges -- a tough chick with a bop cap and a 38 -- the true vengeance of Dada -- tough little chick -- the 'hater' of *men* and the lover of *man* -- with the surgeon's gun -- *Now* -- against the wall of plastic extinction -- an epoxy nightmare with a dead super-star -- the Statue of Liberty raped by a chick with balls -- the Camp Master slain by the Slave -- and America's white plastic cathedral is ready to burn.

Valerie is ours and the sweet assassin lives.

SCUM in Exile

-UAW/MF

Text from a leaflet handed out by Ben Morea handed out in support of Valerie Solanas.

Extrapolate From The Following:

We are busted in our crash pads
We are busted in the streets
We are busted for trying to find out why we are busted
We are busted for protesting being busted
The police are coming down heavy on motherfuckers

a toilet is carried on St. Marx place
we shit in it
invite others to shit in it
shout:

AMERICA SHITS MONEY

We collect money - leave toilet royally in the middle of 3rd Ave.
OFFICER RAINEY, 26441, in fury pokes and jabs us in the middle of the ave to pick it up
We bring it to the sidewalk
OFFICER RAINEY BEATS THE TOILET TO DEATH WITH HIS NITE STICK

The long hot summer has already started
and the man is uptight
He picks us off one by one
hoping to scare us
hoping to chase us
off our streets
out of our parks

(Jason Lubin walks up and down St. Marx place distributing a leaflet. Plain clothes cop comes from behind and punches him in the nose. BREAKS HIS NOSE.)

here is the lower east side:

it is in Asia
are you a taoist
if a Maoite is a Taoite
I is
shih
shit

There is a lower east sigh we call Vietnam, the left bank,
know what I mean
There is a lower east sigh we call the Tombs, Harlem,
Hazard ky., remember
There is a lower east sigh in a country with no name

What is happening:

the police thrash about trying to pacify the streets
so the tourists can now move freely on them
The police will allow us no space
wish to inter us
in the ugliness of family life
wish to stop our fucking and turning on
They think they can harass us out of the city
The police use terror thinking we will break

like Jason's nose
But driving us up against the wall does not help them.
This summer will be a hot house
What grows is flower cong
cacti thorns
Violent flowers
Venus pig trap

Officer said to me: That trash basket is for shit, but not your kind of shit.” Just the other day he said to me “We let you off easy earlier.”

“Let me off easy? You busted me for nothing.”

At which point he busted me for the second time that day (then busted another motherfucker for trying to catch his badge number, two more in the precinct for asking what was happening and a third, later, for standing on a street corner protesting- charge: inciting to riot)

“The man walks into our pads any time he wants. He rips up furniture, throws clothing on the floor and reads private mail. This he does in what he calls the ‘public interest.’ We dare to disagree and are arrested for ‘inciting to riot.’ If our disagreeing with the man’s methods tend to incite a riot then the methods the man is using must be wrong.”

Interpretation 1:

The cops try to eat up the LE Side
but will, instead, be vomited up
by the LE Side
When will the fuzz realize that the shit
they are handing out will be thrown back in their faces
The cops are trying to stamp us out like roaches
we live with that but are smarter than that pigs who shit on themselves all day long.
Pig shit! Pig smell!
When the pig shit on you: shit back!
The man is scared he'll be busting the heads of his own kids.
He yells at us for being the way we are and each day
he sees his kids going to school with longer hair than the day before.
They are scared we will knock down their tower of life.
and tweedle dee and tweedle dum shall come.

On person

We think in the first person plural but without
possessives except in the most universal sense of
planetary sources
and emotions we cope with not in our dreams
but in day to day trips

Interpretation 2:

We have to strike the man
Against the wall, as a mother-fucker
‘Cause you got to realize
We're free
We're we
We share
We take what is rightfully
Why not

Don't you do the same
We love
You hate
All things that make us safe
If you listen you'll be surprised
How easily life can be met

Program

runaways

feed them well, lick them into loving
(being communards at birth they are not strangers)
and then send them bopping down
the subways of existence, shih, the
questions we pose they will take back
sick sixth and 12th grade hospitals in
arkansas and kansas and indiana
in the winter or never at all

THE BEST ORGANIZERS WILL MEET US AT THE TIPS OF THE IMAGINATION

What time is it 1:

Here in the faltering wings of the future
there is no food in the crash pads tonite
in the crashing pads we create to house our community
to house ourselves, to house our affinity groups
here in the anarchy, the communism we are living
in the loving last period before social illumination
in the time before the revolution that will splatter
our bodies on fields we haven't seen from bowling green
to chicago lakes to bay area bruises to wheatfields
in kansas to jackson deaths and birmingham riots to atlanta

What time is it 2:

Here, in the misty vanguard of having and needing
and desire without pennies, money being antique property
here, where the cave ends and a new reality begins
beings without state pronounce Lenin's mantra:
there is no freedom
until there is no state
until there is no state
there is no freedom
from state or state and state and revolution

Program:

flower-cong running naked in the streets
dangling erections in the face of tourists
fucking each other, provoking bloody flood of police sadism
(Insp. Fink forgetting his public image, sweating over a nite stick,
grinding it into the vagina of some young hippies)

Sermon:

all that is of value in amerika lies with us.

we are its custodians
now we are a harassed remnant.
in the future that remnant will unravel into long threads
with which to weave new values in the world

the police use their clubs like tampax to stop the menstrual
flood of revolution. the only thing that will stop the flood
will be the birth of revolution - which will be bloody

Final

There is the man and there is us.

These are the forces that are against us:

the large part of white plastic amerika that can see life only in terms of material accumulation
(every aspect of humanity becomes commodity). The supporters of the law of the property, those
that are bound by only one dimension of life. The anti-life bureaucracy is preparing itself for total
repression: cultural genocide. We must find the forms that express our sense of communal struggle!
Forms of life to express our opposition to the anti-forms of anti-life.

- UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER

XTRA XTRA XTRA XTRA

pigs invade crash pad - pigs invade crash pad
wednesday nite - nine pm - the pigs invade crash pad again
third invasion in seven days - sixth in a month
bust for 14 trespass BULLSHIT we have the lease
pigspigspigspigspigspigspigspigspigspigs
shitstinkshitstinkshitstinkshitstink

we need space
we demand space
SPACE to live
SPACE to sleep
SPACE to fuck
SPACE to eat
SPACE to suck
SPACE
to turn on
SPACE to be free SPACE to be free SPACE to be free
FREE SPACE FREE SPACE FREE SPACE FREE SPACE

- UAW/MF

Text taken from broadsheet that appeared in The Rat in 1969.

Warrior's Rain

A song of exhortation because certain ones did not want to struggle.



whose bell sounds fearfully



Primerdial One

the finaka god holds the eye



three eyes

holder of the spear



great

austerities,

-tantra vishvavara



VP AGAINST THE WALL MORTARFLYER

山野高
堂門沙毘院剛金

MONSTERUCKERS



Motherfucker Up Against The Wall.

The existence of our community represents both an alternative to the present system and a means for its destruction. The hip community poses a way of living rather than simply a way of surviving. On the one hand it rejects old middle-class values, especially that of the consumer life, on the other hand it makes possible a fuller and more complete life. Out of that emerges revolutionary culture.

The Arlington incident [where Morea was charged with two felony offenses in Boston] is a case in point. The media and press distortions helped spread and deepen fear of the hip community. The curfew on the Common was imposed both because of this fear, and more importantly, as a means of preventing us from having the space to assemble as a community. Businessmen, in particular, took action against us on Beacon Hill and elsewhere because we refused to buy their bullshit. Those of us driven from the Common were then arrested and driven from the street. Forced to go to the Arlington St. Church, we were then isolated from our own community and left open to attack.

This attack is itself the product of the media's campaign to misrepresent us and alienate us from the rest of the community. Specifically in the last incident we found ourselves pitted against young military men equally oppressed and exploited by the same society we fight. For example, there are two kinds of pigs at the Common: civilian and military. The society fears the exploited coming to the free community of the Common; the military knows that should the soldiers join us they would no longer be tools of their own oppression.

I'd say at least 20 people attacked a group of us which numbered about 8 people. Out of that 20, only 5 or 6 were soldiers. When the police grabbed me, I told them that 6 fellows attacked me, one with a lead pipe, one with a board and several with bricks, that they attacked me and I defended myself as an individual. They were not interested in those 6 people that attacked me, they didn't look for them, they grabbed me. I want that understood. They categorically refused to look for those 6.

First of all, there's a false impression that has to be cleared up. Number one, no one came here and started trouble. There's trouble here. There's trouble everywhere in America. Except there's two kinds of trouble- visible and invisible. A day or so after I arrived 8 kids were arrested for doing nothing but sitting on the grass.

The hip community here was under a kind of pressure that existed in other places around the country and I felt that the pressure should be resisted everywhere... I feel strongly that other members of the hip community all over the country have a need to defend the existence of that community. When we find ourselves attacked we must and will defend ourselves... The black community has realized this for a long time as we must now realize this. As far as we are concerned those in the black community like Huey Newton who defend themselves from assault, be it by civilians or cops are totally justified.

I don't find the idea of self-defense or even violence contrary to the idea of love... I don't feel that this community is specifically a love community, it's a total community. What we would want, specifically, is to create the kind of life that doesn't need violence. I don't like violence, but at the same time, if we are attacked, we don't submit to attack.

I'll defend in response to attack. If we're attacked verbally, we'll defend verbally. If we're attacked culturally then we'll defend ourselves culturally. If we're attacked violently with an open hand then we'll respond to it with open hands. If we're attacked with weapons, we'll respond with weapons.

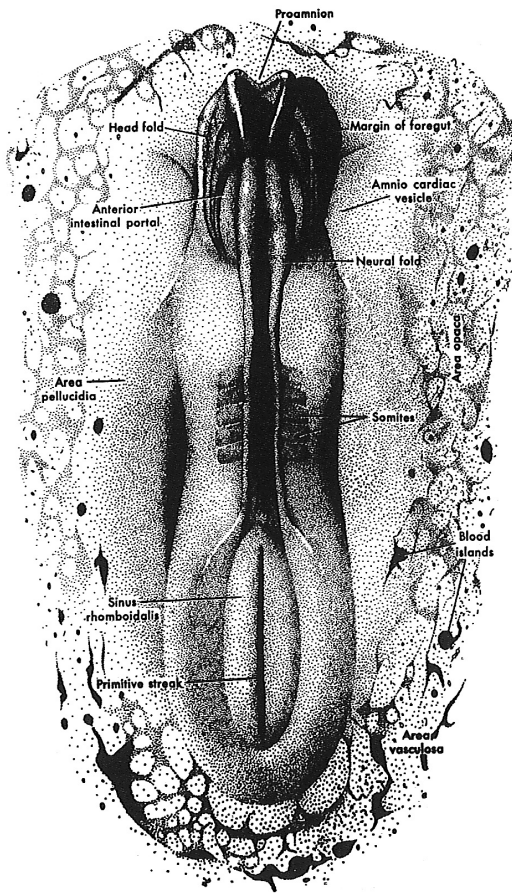
The dichotomy is always made between violence and non-violence and that's a false dichotomy. The dichotomy is between living and dying. Some kinds of violence are living, understand? Some kinds of violence are death. If your violence is because you desire to live and is only directed against people who would prevent you from living, then I don't consider that violence. I consider that living. If your violence, like police and military violence, is directed against others, killing others, then that is violence because it is death.

There is something in American society itself that is drastically sick. That's the cause of the problem. That's why we call ourselves a revolutionary community because we understand that death. We have rejected that death and we don't want that death. And if you attack us then we are going to give it back to you.

Text taken from an article in The Rat quoting statements Ben Morea gave at a Boston press conference in 1968.

THE

What
is
our
program
?



We'll
know
we've
got it
if
it
makes
us
feel
good

Is
there
any
place
in the
revolution
for
incoherence
?



Incoherence
is the
only
place

Up Against the Wall/Motherfucker

Hip Survival Bulletins

Number One

What was supposed to be the Drug Symposium in Buffalo turned into the Revolutionary Drug Freakout... street freaks, Motherfuckers and Werewolves came and brought presents to the student strikers (at State University) who boogied in the knowledge that the revolution must be TOTAL. Timothy Leary saw that for the HEADONIC COMMANDOS drugs are part of our culture...

In Seattle blacks and freaks are getting together in spontaneous action in several local highschoools. Hip Community getting together behind "repression" and moving to self defense. From the INTERGALACTIC LIBERATION FRONT (International WereWolf Conspiracy):

They're scared to let us move
Because we might smoke, drink
We might touch, feel
We might love each other
And hate them for keeping us down
It's time to get out brothers and sisters
GET THE MOTHERFUCKERS NOW!

The Army claims that acid poses "little if any chemical warfare threat", but since acid has become a "social problem" the results of their research have been made available to various government officials. Concerning acid as a threat they haven't heard of the HEADONIC GUERILLAS!

Virgin street child seeking truth dances naked in N.Y. outside a Hare Krishna temple...causes a freakout of asexual, sugar addicted, hypnotized, brainwashed freaks who call the cops to take her to Bellevue. Afraid of the naked truth the baldies arrive the following day to tell our thorazine-fried sister that she only has to chant Hare Krishna endlessly and everything will be alright. Brothers and sisters- BEWARE the orange robed pigs coming to take you away.

Hip communities throughout amerika face a constant struggle for survival and growth. Although we are dispersed, we are one community, one people... our experiences affecting each other. Weekly communication through the underground press is essential for us to continue to survive. Send all information to East Side Survival Organization (UAW/MF), 89 East 10th St, New York, NY 10003.

Number Two

CRIME STOPPER OF THE WEEK: ACCORDING TO DICK TRACY YOU CAN TELL A HIP CHICK FROM A HIP CAT BY CHECKING OUT THEIR HANDS AND ADAM'S APPLE.

Ford Foundation laid \$89 000 on some professor to research communes on E & W coasts as well as the Southwest. Detailed knowledge of the population, location and living conditions of our communities will be used the same way as "ghetto research" to destroy us.

N.California: a peaceful commune of about 40 families was invaded and smashed by the pigs. The people had built homes and lived in them all through winter. The pigs destroyed everything through trickery and the pigshit of building codes. The people on the land have moved further back into the woods (with guns).

Colorado Springs: long hair lynched last month. Vigilantes destroyed a commune.

Texas, Austin: heads grooving in the street. A honky fool drove his car through the crowd. 39 people hurt. The pigs saved the fool from being beaten to death. HIP PEOPLE DO FIGHT BACK.

Join the Red Cross: In times of natural disaster (or un-natural) it may enable you to move places others cannot go.

Join the National Rifle Association: They protect your right to bear arms.

M-68 rifle: New approx. 150 dollars. Short barrel. Carries 50 rounds of 9mm in the stock. Lightest, easiest street rifle now being made. Ammo interchangeable with 9mm pistol. Get a set.

In Hawaii Werewolves kicked out of shacks on the pineapple plantations have moved further into the rainforest.

Gary Snyder says: 'There is the city, the country and the back country.' But no matter where people go they will have to defend themselves, their communities and our lifestyle.

NY pigs are busting crashpads, heads apartments. There were 17 busts Sat. 6 on the street, the rest in apartments. Bail money is still needed.

Brothers and sisters in San Antonio put out a leaflet when the police announced a drug crackdown begging concerned Hip-Communards to report all suspected, guessed at, hinted at, even vaguely possible drugs including aspirin.

Get a phone book, look up the home addresses of important people and tip off the police as to a drug party going on there.

Number Three

Spring has come, hip communities blossom under the warm sun, but warmth brings pig heat. Every night our people are busted for hanging out on St Marx Place. Three Motherfuckers busted- one for being a runaway- two for helping their brother.

They use riot police to stop us from hanging out, from talking and playing our music, from living on our streets.

If the people in the street were more together the man couldn't hassle us so much. If the people on the street were more concerned with their brothers they wouldn't let the man bust us so often. There are ways to stop the pig from busting. Don't let any brother be taken so easily- grab, circle, distract the pig, don't make it easy for him!

Boston: The police are cracking down on our brothers and sisters! Hassling and busting for not wearing shoes. using old laws (1894) about blocking public passageways- two or more people standing on the sidewalk. The pigs have put a curfew on the commons. Hip people must be out of the park by ten o'clock. They tried to fuck us up last year. They tried to stop us growing together. They're trying to do it again.

Number Four

More liberated space: San Francisco, Haight Street, Straight Theater, last week a free nite with California freaks and The Living Theater living/dancing/drumming/smoking/loving ALL NITE. "Hip" businessmen at first said "No The Straight is ours and we'll make money from it." Later they gave in under community pressure. As it stands the management agreed to another free night this week and there will be more free space soon, more free food, more crash pads and there's always dope on the Haight!

When in Boston check out the Brothers and Sisters of IONS- International Organization for No

Shit, a tribe of the International WereWolf Conspiracy (IWWC). They're into free stuff- NO SHIT.

Rural Communes: Spring planting season. Plant more than you need. Bothers and sisters moving around will need places to stay and food to eat. Most states will check for water contamination free of charge, take them up on it or better still learn to check water yourself. If you've got open water on your land depts. of wildlife and fisheries in many states will stock your ponds or streams for free.

Number Five

All over amerika plastik death consciousness tries to snuff out the life-energy of the hip community/consciousness. The pig is coming down heavy on freaks, trying to stop our coming together, trying to destroy our growing space.

Boston: Last year the Hip Community centred itself on the Common until Mayor White and his pigs forced us off our space and busted 100s of us in the street... This year we're busted for walking near the common (forget hanging out; forget coming together in Boston at all). Two freaks walking together are busted for "blocking the public passageway"; wearing no shoes is a public health violation; fifteen pigs on one corner keep the block clear of "scum."

Cleveland/Chicago: Same story. Pigs stop hippies from congregating ad grooving in places we hung out last year.

New York: In the Lower East Side the Hip Community has been fighting for space. Free Nites at the Fillmore closed down because the cops don't dig the free flow of dope. Free store closed because the cops don't dig people crashing. Final straw was the 24 hour community freak out. Last week street theater and community groups got together to use an abandoned courthouse for community feasts/theater performances/other events. One feast and the police seized the building, the lease was cancelled and the groups using it thrown out. Another space gone.

Venice, Calif.: Between muscle beach, the hulks of abandoned amusement parks and the dead carcasses of curio shops a hip community lives and last Sunday had a be-in that erupted into a riot when cops tried to make a bust; hips flowed into the street and besieged the police station.

San Francisco: Armed Love and other communes call for EARTHFARE- a coming together of communal energies/city and country/a hip exchange without money. First fare goes well until late afternoon when crowds thin and pigs bust hips for bullshit. Elsewhere in the park thousands suck up Jefferson Airplane- unmolested.

Hips on the West Coast plan to hit big name rock groups making 10-15000 a nite for a percentage to go to the hip community bail funds. Many of these groups have forgotten that they come from the hip community. Good idea would be to move in with them in their expensive houses so they can experience what communal life is like.

We've got to live without fucking up our environment. Electricity without pollution- solar heat. Detailed explanation in the latest Whole Earth Catalogue supplement.

Final Note: Hips on west coast worried about California falling into the sea called up Velikovsky who informed them not to worry: the next great cataclysm would be social.

Final Final Note: Sign on the road into Placitas, New Mexico advertises meeting of vigilante society: "Subject: Hippies."

The Hip Survival Bulletins appeared regularly in The Rat and other underground papers throughout 1968 and 1969.

Birth / the magic killing of the snake / the heroic dance to liberate the child from the mother



magic jancers drumming / Dream children flying thru cities dead - Snake shape of destruction to rainbow dawn



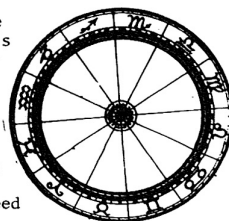
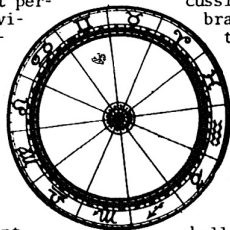
People, lay everything aside for now we are going to have a dance. Get out your finest clothes and put them on and make ready for a dance. People, we shall see the garments of our dead men of long ago; So everyone must come, because now we are going to have a dance. People, we shall see the garments of our dead men of long ago; So everyone must come, because now we are going to have a dance. People, we shall see the garments of our dead men of long ago; So everyone must come, because now we are going to have a dance.



THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

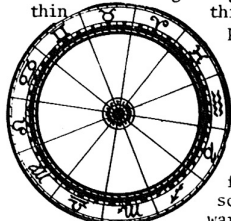
tripping on lower east side streets all night. gem spa encounter -- hey, are you goin' to the park with us tomorrow? right on. right on through to dawn's gray-blueness and chill. we were a community of crazie-hogfarm-motherfucker-streetpeople-acidhappy freaks stampeding down st. mark's place, wearing our favorite costumes that jangled and fluttered colors when we hugged each other, while we danced to drum rhythms on the cobblestones. we vaulted the turnstiles with fat joints in our mouths and visions in our heads and dancing drum beats in our heels. we were together, going all together to celebrate our new tradition. we came with the things that are part of our lives: our music, our dances, our bodies, our people, our dope, our acid, our food, our love. pounded-out per-

energies lifting the vi-
easter hordes of plas-
tating us. they
eavesdropped with
that interfered
our existence as
we were no tempor-
tastic reality. un-
away closing their



cussion rhythms rose in the air, freed
brating sun; the day grew warmer.
tivity descended on our reality watching us, imi-
zoomed in on us with timewarp cameras; they
tape recorders manufacturing mechanic static
with our motion. they tried to rationalize
acceptable bullshit-fantasy. but they found
ary nightmare. our existential space is fan-
able to wither us into spectators, they drifted
minds in fright.

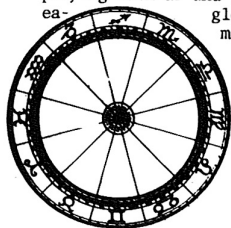
stumbling down tenement
morning foggy haze. last night trippin tired meeting friends in front of gem spa gathering
to head up to central park. motherfuckers, community people, freaks banging out rhythms on
the lamp posts and yellow-starred mailboxes. someone drops some acid to complement the oc-
casion then into the street, dancing up st. mark's to the subway. down the stairs, the
pounding of a drum, over the turnstiles; new york is a free city. into the train ripping a-
part the advertisements, symbols of a plastic culture. images of our revolution drawn on
the walls of the cars. the words of the prophets are written on the subway walls. out in-
to a new light at 69th street. the stronger light of dawn.
running down the street, pulling construction barricades into
the middle of the sidewalk. barricades of acid rebels. lone
early morning almost off-duty cop on duty at an intersection
tries to grab someone and is almost wasted by a motherfucker
brother. into the park running down dew wet new born grass of
spring. sheep meadow visions of cops and paddy wagons. fuck
'em, they ain't gonna mess with us. the drum beat is louder
as it's joined by another skin. heavier sounds with harps and
guitars and flutes filling the air. senses titillated by
smells of incense and pot. toking on shared joints talking
with fresh spring people. freaks arrive slowly, dancing as
they come to the beat of the drum. dropped acid of an hour a-
go hits my head. everyone together in their acid stoned con-
sciousness. meeting people not seen in years, sharing joints
with them. warm kissing beautiful people in the blazes of af-
ternoon sun. ignoring kusama and friends trying to do their
thing until the cops decide to move in.



friends sitting on the grass. smoking more eu-
phoria watching the sun settle slowly over the
buildings on central park west.

people moving in one mass against the cops.
the drums get louder. people get an-
grier. fuck the pigs. moving.....
drums. ignoring initial paranoia a-
gainst thousands of cameras. picking
up a brick. throwing it towards
the cops. it hits one and
blood starts oozing down his
face. the cops move back,
scared. settling back into
warm laps and hands of girl-

sitting on the grass on our picnic rug, grass-
blades growing up through the holes. screaming
thundering hordes bearing down on us-hiding our
faces; they are a pile of bodies ten yards a-
way. on the next rug an edwardian couple drink
tea, making signs to us and we sit up. we're not
going to move. space clears- the lull before the
rush, the boundaries of our sea moving back. we
wait and the pounding legs and noise are on us,
passing us. leaving us still alive and exhilarated.
stand up, take our floor with us (leaving the holes)
and change atmospheres. atmospheres working over the
grass moving us into different times and spaces. sitting
inside a drum in the crowd; in front of us eagles and soldiers
playing with us and themselves. search, run, kill, the emptied



gle falls down and with the crash we stand up and look towards the crowd-
mirage. move into it and it's people mocking, jeering at the line of cops,
helmeted on horses. skull and crossbones flag up on the rock. hostility
and fear; "come away from that shit, my dear." cops move back-a vic-
tory for us. on our feet, move towards each other. put our mouths and
tongues together - ostrich-technique and we change phases. a girl
sings with a guitar and we're back looking at the new dylan-face, "I
like him again."



The Return Of The Long Hair.

Lately the left has attempted to relate or at least examine the Hip Revolution and/or culture, but always from the point of view which says "How is it useful to us?", "How can we use the Hip Revolution for our political ends?" Now we demand a shift in perspective to that side which says "How can we further the Hip Revolution and how can it transform the limited scope of the political scheme?" To us Revolution comes before politics and must determine our course. It is ironic how our Socialist (political) fathers used the proletarian social struggle in the early 20th century in order to further their hunger for power- not proletarian power, but social state power which is its exact opposite- in much the same way that now the New Left lays plans to use the Hip Social Revolution for its own ends. But that can only fail. Whether the revolution will be hip or it will be so deformed as to be in need of further struggle. One may fool ones self, but not history.

The hip revolution is a product of history and could only exist at this time and in this space. It is not a replaying of earlier "Bohemianism"; it is not an artistic "drop out" class only open to the bourgeoisie; it is not an elite criticism of Amerikan culture and it is not a harmless anomaly which actually strengthens the dominate repressive environment. **IT IS BOTH THE NEGATION AND THE ALTERNATIVE TO THE AMERIKAN PIG BODY AND PLASTIC CONSCIOUSNESS.** It is the possibility of life within the confines of death. Being the child of history it carries a total reality and either destroys these partialities whose dream is to patch things together, or is itself destroyed. Total Victory is its only end and Total War is its only means.

The Hip Revolution is a product of material conditions. It grows directly out of a real change in economic possibilities - technology as the tool not the rule. Man as free being confronts the possibility of being free and the mirror is shattered by **PLAY**. Before cybernation total unemployment was only a dream - now it is limited by fear and that fear becomes a new class distinction.

The Hip Revolution is a revolution in consciousness - the complement to reality - the unification of mind/body. From material production, industrialized and socialized, as reflected by proletarian consciousness, to material production, cybernetic and communized, as realized in Hip consciousness, the unity of revolution reaffirming itself.

The Hip Revolution is the social Revolution. Its historical content as the violent expression of the desire to live. Struggle as need and freedom as its only possibility. The reclaiming project: Revolution divorced from its paper reality. The notion of Man and not the atrophy of ideology. The reclaiming of mind and body now leads to the seizure of space. Property is redefined: both by destruction and change- environment as the reflection of revolutionary struggle. What cannot be used will be destroyed, what cannot be fulfilled will be created, as Creation/Destruction become architects of a new reality and life takes on a new meaning: **NO LONGER CAN THE STRUGGLE BE CONTAINED, NOW THE STRUGGLE IS FOR THE STRUGGLE ITSELF.**

Like A Child Trying A New Reality. A new reality -- all parts in constant flow -- environment as a constant <real and artificial environment> both the expression of energies and the mold of energies -- our interaction> as level of consciousness. Doing becomes the real question. Living must always replace the idea of living> the reversal of our false mind/environment -- where everything is done to express the idea and the idea becomes dominant. Recurring levels of consciousness expressed through different environments now emerge again; producing the same essential conflicts -- to be oppressed by ball and chain is interchangeable with new levels of oppressive reality -- to find constantly all things done reduced to the history of their doing becomes a new total form of oppression> and now our consciousness must be equipped to deal with all levels, no longer possible to leave the "battle" on the surface -- while we space -- because that "space" itself is threatened to the point where the interaction of all levels -- the constant -- is prevented from the free flow necessary leading to a form of reality destruction.

Example. One of the basic forms of our culture -- music> motion>sound> bodies> energy in the process< merger<flowing<responding. reduced to a film version, two dimensional on a screen the opposite of real motion/energy -- passive replaces active on all levels -- music played to you/en-

ergy provided for you/ in a theatre with 600 people who have never moved -- call it "Revolution" reducing yet another reality to passive received culture-package it sells to voyeurs who have become the recipients of, on one level, our energy which was expressed on many levels, reducing our reality to their false environment and the result is 100 000 stoned beautiful brothers and sisters jailed on dope charges which stem from one of those other levels which could not be allowed to move freely. And when they have the power to reduce that reality to a non-flowing energy then and only then will we be safely reintegrated: While the Hip revolution is the re-integration of living processes: Revolution as lifestyle... the attempt to only live as the only expression of the demand for life. As the Hip Revolution becomes the "myth" for the Total Revolution and its only hope.

- Motherfuckers, IWWC.

Text taken from a broadsheet which appeared in The Rat in 1968.

SELF-DEFENSE

SELF-DEFENSE IS PREPARATION AGAINST ATTACK.

SELF-DEFENSE IS THE RESPONSE TO ANY ATTACK.

SELF-DEFENSE IS THE REPRISAL FOR AN ATTACK.



**WE MUST DEFINE OURSELVES FOR OURSELVES IN THE
LANGUAGE AND GESTURES OF OUR OWN DISCOVERIES**

**WE MUST LEARN TO RECOGNISE EACH OTHER AND TO KNOW
THAT ANYONE WHO IS NOT WITH US IS THE ENEMY**

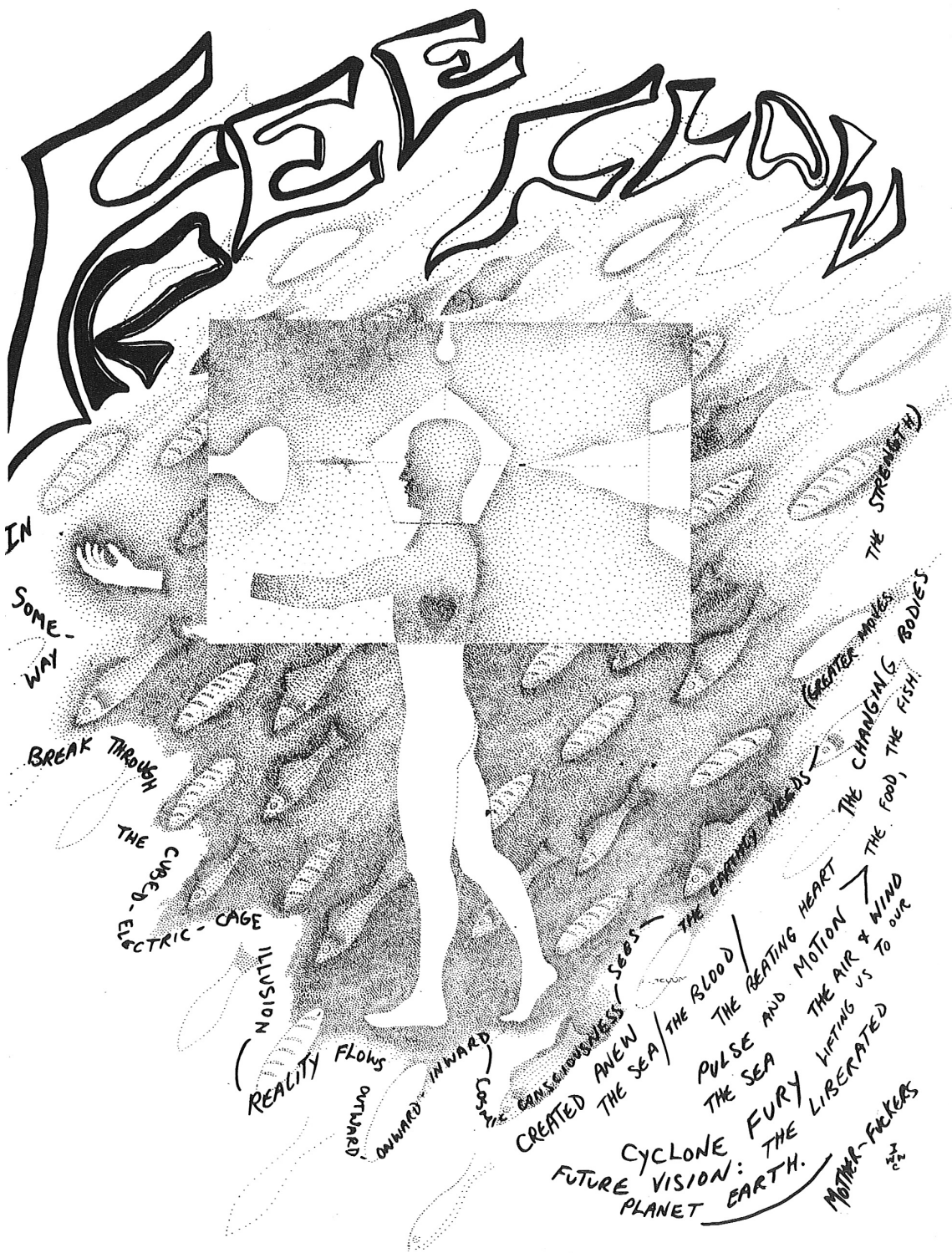


**"We're looking for
people who like to draw"**

WE MUST LEARN TO FIGHT AS WELL AS SEEK TO LOVE

WE MUST TAKE UP THE GUN AS WELL AS THE JOINT

WE MUST DEFEND OUR COMMUNITY AND OUR OWN HUMANITY.



Summer Solstice, New Mexico

Trying to examine - understand point reached by Hip People.

Consciousness - Reality... with brothers from the Hog Farm family... the Armed Love, Motherfuckers tribe... and heads from all over the country... recognition of ourselves as a people grows, but family-tribe-commune attendance still small... The Be-in again replayed and transposed... The tribal gathering still a reality to work for... the gathering of those family - tribes - communes which are the foundation of the Hip Nation.

Woodstock... only two families, Hog Farm and Motherfuckers present within overall family of all hip people ... tribal gathering seems further from reality but closer to existence.

The so-called 'Movement' left bankrupt, unable to move - flow - influence... find themselves lost in a sea of people - drugs... the two families at home with their people... The Hog Farm feeds - cares for its people - free consciousness in its present future state. While Motherfuckers liberate for and supply their people's needs. Hundreds of tents and sleeping bags distributed free by psychedelic bandits ... taken from straight business stands where they were selling for \$20, and distributed free... stands where profits were labeled 'Love' knocked over and goods given freely and lovingly by stoned psychedelic warriors... 1,000 hits of sacred acid distributed while Krishna fakers sing against drugs... 2,000 years of repression emerged as bald-headed faggots.

There is no 'movement' other than the body-soul movement of our people. Fuck the so-called left. New division-unity, seen-understood... ying-yang lifedeath. The division between left-right is false... the division is between life and death. Hip-Life consciousness must replace political death consciousness as revolutionary alternative and tribal social consciousness must replace left wing party consciousness as revolutionary hope. The real criticism must be total... western death trip must be opposed on all levels... the western so-called 'revolutionary' attempt cannot succeed to overthrow the death root of the western totality since it is a product of the same partial thought pattern. Western civilization itself has to be destroyed... and new life-forms created... the struggle is as total as life itself.

Tribal-social pattern the beginning of the 'real' alternative. Patterns of life emerge as patterns of growth. The hip tribal nation forms as the eventual replacement of amerikan all-government. The hip tribe as cultural-social-political totality in unity-federation... life as the social form. Those of our people who have passed beyond being drop-outs... the negative of a negative... to being free men with new life patterns - can but only build that new nation and new life... as new men, poets, dope-magicians, healers, warriors, creators; whatever are needed. Those of our people who have had the 'vision' will not be stopped, killed. Those for whom the century old oppression has loosened cannot be fooled again. The circle of oppression-death has been broken. A new circle is being formed; one which reverses the total anti-life motion of our recent history.

What has been lost must be refund... what is refund must be strengthened. Evolution within revolution. Are the western 'politicians' so blind as to think there is 'a' revolution? There is a history of revolutions... a process... a coming and going. Cybernetic-technological nomads... space age indians... psychedelic freak bandits... what was not before is now... what is now will not be again.

Never has the revolutionary possibility been so complete... to be in touch with the cosmic, to re-create environment, to re-find life is a monumental project compared to the mere overthrow of a government . . . we challenge the total oppression of man of which until now the revolution has been part. We challenge the revolution itself. Power to no one. Life to everyone.

-Sun Eagle (Armed-Love-Motherfucker tribe)

Text taken from a 1969 leaflet.

Sources and Further Reading

Black Mask and Up Against the Wall Motherfucker: The Incomplete Works of Ron Hahne, Ben Morea and The Black Mask Group, Jacques Vache Editorial Group, Unpopular Books & Sabotage Editions, London, 1993.

Although this is becoming increasingly hard to find it includes all of the writings from *Black Mask* magazine as well as some of the UAW/MF texts found here.

BAMN: By Any Means Necessary, Peter Stansill & David Zane Mairowitz (eds), Autonomedia, New York, 1999.

Despite being reprinted by Autonomedia copies of this anthology of rants and blasts from the 1960s has also become scarce with the original Penguin edition from 1971 rarer still. Whilst all the material it contains appears here or in the book listed above it also contains pieces from groups as varied as The Black Panthers, Provos, Situationists, King Mob, Weathermen, Women Liberationists and more. Essential reading.

King Mob Echo: English Section Of The Situationist International, Dark Star, London, 2000.

This anthology collects together all of the copies of the magazines associated with the British King Mob group (Heatwave, Rebel Worker, King Mob) as well as writings from the short lived English Section of the Situationist International. It includes their highly entertaining, although somewhat hyperbolic take on Black Mask and UAW/MF.

“Motherfuckers Then and Now: My Sixties Problem,” Osha Neumann in Cultural Politics and Social Movements, Marcy Darnovsky, Barbara Epstein, and Richard Flacks (eds), Temple University Press, Philadelphia, 1995.

Osha Neumann’s article explores his experiences as a member of The Family, including much of the group’s darker side, as well as ruminating on the fate of the New Left in general.

Realizing the Impossible, Art Against Authority, Josh McPhee and Erik Reuland (eds), AK Press, San Francisco, 2007.

This recent AK anthology includes articles about a variety of anti-authoritarian and anarchist artists and groups including Black Mask, Clifford Harper, Carlos Cortéz, Gee Vaucher and contemporary stencilists.

Resistance: A Radical Political and Social History of the Lower East Side, Clayton Patterson (ed), Seven Stories, New York, 2007.

As well as including a version of the John McMillan article reprinted here this book also compiles tales of the Lower East Side’s early years through to the squatters, rioters, artists, activists and organizers of the past 40 years.

The Scum Manifesto, Valerie Solanas, Active Distribution, London, 2006.

Reprinted numerous times in a variety of formats Valerie Solanas 1967 manifesto remains one of the most powerful rants of the twentieth century.

For a variety of contemporary anarchist and radical publications visit Active Distribution’s website at www.actedistribution.org